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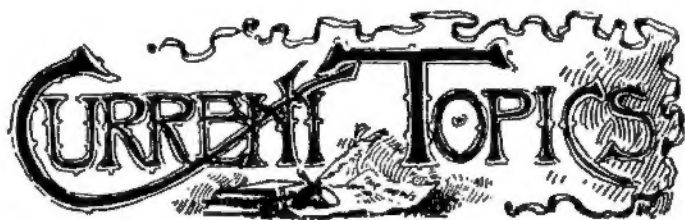
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31st OCTOBER, 1891.



Free Public Libraries.

A paper, by MR. HENRY S. NOURSE, in the October *New England Magazine*, on "The Public Libraries of Massachusetts," treats of a subject which, though apparently a foreign one, is yet of great interest to our people. The student, or literary aspirant, in most Canadian cities, is heavily handicapped by the absence of any good collection of books from which he can draw the aid necessary for his work. While Ottawa, Toronto and Hamilton can alone, in this country, offer these advantages to their citizens, we see in the State of Massachusetts no less than 248 public libraries, embracing in their location a great variety of municipal life, ranging from small villages up to the great city from which the state draws so much of its life. In the shelves of these collections about two-and-a-half million volumes are available, besides a vast number of pamphlets; the population of the state is about 2,250,000, so we see about 110 books to every 100 souls in the state—all freely open to the public. Assuming Canadian Parliamentary libraries as open to the general reader—an assumption tenable only in the most limited degree—we cannot count up half a million volumes as existing throughout Canada in public libraries, civic and legislative combined; being in round figures about 10 books to every 100 of the population. The comparison is one at which everyone should blush who is sincerely desirous of our national advancement. That the progress and rank of a country is not dependent on the literary facilities it can offer its people is quite true—luckily for us; but it is also true that the nations which are to-day in the front rank—which lead the world in civilization, in wealth, and in all that tends to the highest development of our race—are those which provide liberally for the mental and literary training of their people; in the knowledge that acquaintance with the great minds of the past and of the present tends to that emulation and vigour whose existence are potent factors in national growth. Patriotism itself, the noblest virtue that exists, is fed and nourished by the study of literature and by the general interest in literary matters that invariably follow free and general use of the writings of the leaders of thought throughout the world. The dollar becomes less of a universal god; interest in

the great civilising movements of the day, in new ideas on history, science and government, and in events which affect the welfare of their country, assumes more prominence in the people's thoughts; and their ideas and actions are not so completely dominated by that personal selfishness which has always gone hand-in-hand with ignorance.

The Increase of Our Literary Facilities.

What are the prospects in the Dominion for granting increased facilities to our people in this way? Judging from the gain that has been made in a few years, they are not unfavourable. Since Confederation the national libraries have made great progress, notably that at Ottawa; while in Toronto and Hamilton the establishment and maintenance of free public libraries have been undertaken by a direct tax on the citizens. The results of this have been of great value; Toronto has now a really excellent library, especially rich in works on Canada's early history, and daily adding to its lists the best books published in the English language. Hamilton's collection, although commenced but a year or two ago, is rapidly growing, and bids fair to proportionately equal that of its eastern neighbour. In Montreal, the nucleus of a good library has been formed, but, through lack of funds, little or nothing is at present being done to add new publications. The Archives collection of documents and books has been established at Ottawa, resulting in the annual issue of a volume of historical lore which is unequalled—both in quantity and rich quality—by any government publication in the world. College libraries have grown slowly but surely—that of McGill being an exception, it having advanced with unusual rapidity, thanks to the generosity of its friends. Best of all, it is now an admitted fact that next year will see the beginning of a magnificent new library in connection with the university which will accommodate 200,000 volumes. For this building McGill will be indebted to MR. PETER REDPATH, who has already, for many years, aided materially in the growth of the college library. It is to be earnestly hoped that the benefits of the new institution will not be confined to the students and graduates of the university, but will, to a certain degree, be open to the use of the citizens of Montreal generally.

All that has been done towards the growth of public libraries is, however, but very little in comparison to what should be the record in this direction. A new line of action is essential if any great increase of library facilities is wanted. So far as Montreal is concerned, petitions should be prepared for presentation to the City Council in favour of the levying of a special tax—be it ever so small—on all householders, the proceeds to be devoted solely to the creation and maintenance of a public free library on a modern and progressive system. Until this is done, the commercial metropolis must in this respect rank away behind both Toronto and Hamilton. For the country at large, an Act is wanted similar to that inaugurated recently by the Massachusetts State Legislature, by which a commission was created whose duty is "to promote the establishment and efficiency of free public libraries." The members receive no remuneration for their services, the only cost to the State being \$500 for clerical assistance. A similar committee could easily be appointed here by the Dominion Government, and their report could be made the basis for legislative action tending to encourage the establishment of free libraries throughout Canada.

Our Christmas Number.

To avoid any misunderstanding we beg to notify our subscribers that the Christmas number is an extra one, and is sent only when specially ordered. The price is fifty cents, and we would recommend that early orders be placed.



VICTORIA SCOTSMEN.

Our engraving on page 409 is of a group of members of the Sir William Wallace Society and Scotland Pipers' Association, taken on the occasion of their first picnic held at the Caledonia Grounds, Victoria, on 29th August last. The outing was an unqualified success, so much so that the management have every encouragement to make the affair an annual one. The band of H.M.S. "Warspite" was in attendance and gave some excellent music. The special feature of the day was the Scottish games, the programme covering no less than thirty of these picturesque events. Intoxicating liquor was strictly prohibited from the ground. As a whole the two young societies have reason to feel proud of their first appearance in public. They have established a reputation for hospitality that will in future ensure success and even larger crowds than they had on this Saturday. Genuine Scotch heather was worn by the whole society, something unprecedented by any Scotch society in America, which shows the adaptability of the climate to be the nearest approach to that of Great Britain.

BELCEIL MOUNTAIN, B.C.

The scene represented in our engraving is one of singular beauty. The Richelieu river is in the foreground, spanned by the G.T.R. bridge, which is notable as the scene of a terrible railway accident a quarter of a century ago. In the background is the bold and beautiful Belceil Mountain, with the pleasant village of St. Hilaire at its feet.

SCENE ON THE PARLIAMENT GROUNDS, OTTAWA.

Apart from the splendid views obtained from almost any position upon them, the Parliament grounds at Ottawa are themselves an attractive resort. The engraving elsewhere shown gives a view of a pretty corner to the left of the main buildings a glimpse of which is also presented. The cannon resting on the sward there were brought from the Crimea.

QUEENSTON HEIGHTS.

In a recent issue we gave views of the old and present monuments to General Sir Isaac Brock on Queenston Heights. In the present number we supplement these with illustrations of the Village of Queenston as it now appears, showing the monument on the heights in the distance; and a view of the stone erected on the spot where Brock fell. This stone was placed and formally made public on the occasion of the visit to Canada of H. R. H. the Prince of Wales in 1860.

England and Her Colonies.

She stands, a thousand-wintered tree,
By countless morns impearled;
Her broad roots coil beneath the sea,
Her branches sweep the world;
Her seeds, by careless winds conveyed,
Clothe the remotest strand
With forests from her scatterings made
New nations fostered in her shade,
And linking land with land.

O, ye by wandering tempest sown
Neath every alien star,
Forget not whence the breath was blown
That wafted you afar!
For ye are still her ancient seed,
On younger soil let fall—
Children of Britain's island-breed,
To whom the Mother in her need
Perchance may one day call.

—WILLIAM WATSON in *Illustrated London News*.



DEAR EDITOR,—

CHERRYFIELD, October 19th, 1891.



HE blossoms that glow toward me from the garden, that brighten the view from this window seat, are called "Everlasting." The distance gives them a certain factitious lustre, and they look as freshly bright as any of their companions. The dew falls on them, as upon softer, tender

flowers; they keep company with the velvet pansy, they neighbour with the silken rose, and hob nob with the lush splendours of dahlia and aster; but if you approach and touch them they are to the seeming harsh and hard,—they bloom and rustle dry. In my present mood I find some points of resemblance between myself and them. I fear I am doomed to disappoint some who, seeing from a distance, draw near to touch; since so many will handle their idols, while yet they recoil from all asperity. If not "without form or comeliness," or "like a root out of dry ground," there is a crisp edge, not grateful to the curious finger. Yet there is this virtue about the "everlasting" flower,—it will endure. When snow lies over the matted leaves where, moist and warm, the lustrous children of the garden dwelt, and the dry stalks of once rich, commanding blooms rustle in the wind, the "everlasting" blossoms look still smiling from the fire lit walls of your cosy room, making late cheer, giving you a winter-welcome. Wordsworth wrote:—

"O, sir, the good die first,
And they whose hearts are dry as summer dust
Burn to the socket."

But how will we allow such a dictum to be applied to Wordsworth himself? Meseems it is but scanty courtesy to the "hard," it may be, but "good gray heads," poetic and stately, that have grown gray among us; for though Keats, Shelley, and some others of the gentle kind went early, Longfellow, Bryant, Tennyson, and their compeers last long,—the longer the better we are pleased. These "Everlastings" may look for some consolation to Southey's little poem of the "Holly Tree," one of the most pleasing inspirations his muse affords us. He describes the tree, and then gives us the application to himself:

"Though abroad perchance I might appear
Harsh and austere
To those who on my leisure would intrude,
Reserved and rude;
Gentle at home amid my friends I'd be
Like the high leaves upon the holly tree.

"And should my youth, as youth is apt I know,
Some harshness show,
All vain asperities I day by day
Would wear away,
Till the smooth temper of my age should be
Like the high leaves upon the holly tree.

"And as when all the summer trees are seen
So bright and green
The holly leaves their fadeless hues display
Less bright than they,
But when the bare and wintry woods we see
What then so cheerful as the holly tree?

"So serious should my youth appear among
The thoughtless throng,
So would I seem amid the young and gay
More grave than they,
That in my age so cheerful I might be
As the green winter of the holly tree."

* * *

There is such a thing as consistency, and it is still a jewel; but he who has a talent for discrimination will discern what and where it is. But to think and say on all subjects to-day precisely what you did ten years ago, is not consistency, but rather stupidity, obstinacy, bigotry, or general stultification of intellect. Man is an animal who can accumulate new facts, and arrive at fresh conclusions, after he is forty years of age; and he who does learn is liable to contradict himself,—i. e. to mend. Hence, when you are confronted with a paragraph: "Sir, you said such and so, ten years since; you said otherwise yesterday," you

have a legitimate opportunity of charging your accuser with folly. You do not go far to find your rigidly positive man; but to be too positive, as Bishop Haygood saith, it requires that you know all things or know nothing;—an unpleasant dilemma for your man of mock consistency.

* * *

The delicate wraith of autumn is abroad. She was revealed in glimpses as she began "laying here and there a fiery finger on the leaves;" but now, she is no longer brightly coy, but apparent in all her domain of splendour. In these Maine forests the silver birch is shaking its light golden tresses, and the blood-red maples are blushing, by glimpses, from the groups of their piny compeers. Everywhere in this northern hemisphere it is autumnal. Not only about Mount Royal, and along all your Laurentian range, is this leafy illumination, but Katahdin stands in his October glory, with all his quiet of sheeny lakes and lone surrounding forests. Over Winnepisaukee the autumnal flamingo hath flown; the scarlet loveliness invests Sunnyside and Mount Vernon. I have often seen autumn treading on Acadian hills, and descending the vales, singeing away the leaves of the orchards as with living coals of fruit. Over that great blue expanse of the sea,—"mother and lover of men," and their devourer,—it is autumn. The lands from which our fathers came share the lustrous jewel of ripeness with us. By Rydal Mount, where Wordsworth walked, muttering eternal verse, the yellow or brown leaves are falling,—gold patines from his favourite groves. The ghost of Scott will see them, what time the setting sun

"Flames o'er the hill from Ettrick's shore,"

when walking in Dryburgh, where he lies entombed. They quiver in the morning light, all dewy, about the homes and haunts of Burns, and all along the banks of Bonnie Doon. But Britain will not anywhere show, from Dryburgh to Westminster, anything like the varied beauties of our dying year. There, as Garvie tells us, it is a ripe, mellow close, but not a majestic brilliancy, as on these shores. He paints us a picture of a fertile midland scene, like those George Eliot delighted in and drew so finely. Color it doth not lack, but the deeper tints are mostly brown or russet. Look at the fields with their golden spikes of stubble! There run the sombre-hued hedges, outlining those sunny squares. See the fat fields, the umber earth, rich with centuries of dressing, where late the plough has been run, and the meadows stretching away, fading to an olive green. There rise the red-tiled roofs of the cottages, with their white walls; the blue smoke wins the eye as it curls upward among the trees. The oaks are browning; the beeches and poplars smitten with gold. This is England,—reserved, subdued, substantial. So Thomson paints her:

"The fading many-coloured woods,
Shade deepening over shade, the country round
Imbrown; a crowded umbrage, dark and dun,
Of every hue from wan declining green
To sooty dark."

But this is no proper description of our woods Canadian, where over every hill and vale the tints glow like sunset clouds. Burns gives us the lighter tints of autumnal foliage on Scottish slopes, as where, for instance, he paints the "sun's departing beam," gleaming on "the fading yellow woods."

* * *

By the by, have we forgotten William Rae Garvie, and is his "Thistledown" blown clean away? Nay, I think it has lodged in the soil of some minds, and the silken-purple fringe of its prickly bur is reproduced again. But honour to whom honour is due; and Garvie is a name in our literary annals to escape death and defy oblivion.

* * *

The current *Magazine of Poetry* has one genuine muse and genial countenance, at least,—the same being of George Martin. His brother-poet, John Reade, introduces his poesy with fit words of tender appreciation.

* * *

The poets still dream; some locating the golden age in the past, and others seeing that time of times in the future. Pastor Felix, in casting about for a pleasant conclusion to this paper, hits on some fancies of his own concerning—

THE AGE OF LIGHT.

I.

YONDER comes the promise of a better, brighter morn;
Yonder come the ages of a higher freedom born;

Flushes wide the dawning, while its mantling light appears
O'er the broken fetters of the slavery of years:
Lo! the light comes up upon the ancient world of war,
Glorious-gleaming on the streaming of the warrior's steel
no more!

II.

Happy, 'mid these ages, are the nations that they live;
Blessed is the heritage their children shall receive.

III.

Hark! the ringing water 'neath the cheerful underwood
Singeth out its pleasure in a raptured solitude;—
Singeth every jocund bird, thro' vacant wilds and dumb,
"The shades of doom vanish, for the glorious One has
come!
Darkness yields his old dominion, and the throne of ancient
Night
Shall rule the world no longer,—for, behold! the Age of
Light!"

IV.

The captive of the dungeon sits no longer in the dark;
He hears the rushing waters and the singing of the lark;
The darksome doors stand open where the sunset is un-
rolled,
And his grates, with amber flooded, glow like bars of burn-
ing gold:
An angel stands transfiguring the iron entrance-way,
While the hoary walls catch glory from the coming of the
day.

V.

Not in vain the woe and travail of the ages that are gone;
Not in vain the womb of darkness folding in the infant
Dawn.

VI.

Yet it ever widens, brightens! Now the splendour loftier
glows!
O'er the crimson hills of Cloudland swift each flamy herald
goes:
The orb of vision cometh, scattering coals of fiery gem—
The Bride from out the heavens, the august Jerusalem!
The soul of Nature gloweth, and her prophecy reveals;
Her priest, the Poet, hears it, and in song the promise seals;
While the noble joy outwellets from the spirit in his eye,
That rushes in the river, and that warbles in the sky.

VII.

Deep in the morass croucheth no more the weary slave,
Nor sinks 'mid fields of cotton, nor upon the drifting wave;
And, dreaming of his freedom in the forests far away,
No more he starts and shudders at the hounds' pursuing
bay:
Where the winds are on the mountains he hath joy of
liberty,—
Where the winds upon the mountains have been forever
free!

VIII.

The voice of Wrong in council shall not be the voice of
might,
But Love's prevailing accents shall control the Age of
Light.

IX.

O joy! the Dayspring cometh! Though the shadows have
been long
Since the ancient dewy dawn-time and morning-tide of song,
Yet the hills have light and music: Awake, my heart! be-
hold
The dancing youthful Hesper, and the Knight with spurs
of gold,—
Mightiest warrior whose exploits the singer's tongue hath
told,
Errant godlike, who shall in the love of man be bold!
O the long, long years, we hail them! the bright'ning ages
long
Of Beauty in her whiteness, and of Virtue, brave and
strong,—
Of the mighty Christ whose broken heart shed love more
holy-sweet
And costly than the ointment bringing incense to His feet!
O years the heart hath sighed for, and that eye hath never
seen!
O ample compensation for the sorrow that hath been!

X.

Yonder comes the promise of a better, brighter morn;
Onward roll the ages of a higher freedom born,—
Freedom that shall demonstrate an universal right;
Wisdom, that shall sway the world with a divine delight;
Peace, that shall brood with dove-white wing o'er continent
and sea;
Beauty, with all her lovers,—song, and star-browed Poesy!
It is coming! It is coming! Heaves the conquering Orb in
sight!
The vales may lie in shadow, but the mountain-tops are
bright!
Darkness yields his old dominion, and the throne of
ancient Night
Shall rule the world no longer,—for, behold! the Age of
Light!

—ARTHUR JOHN LOCKHART.

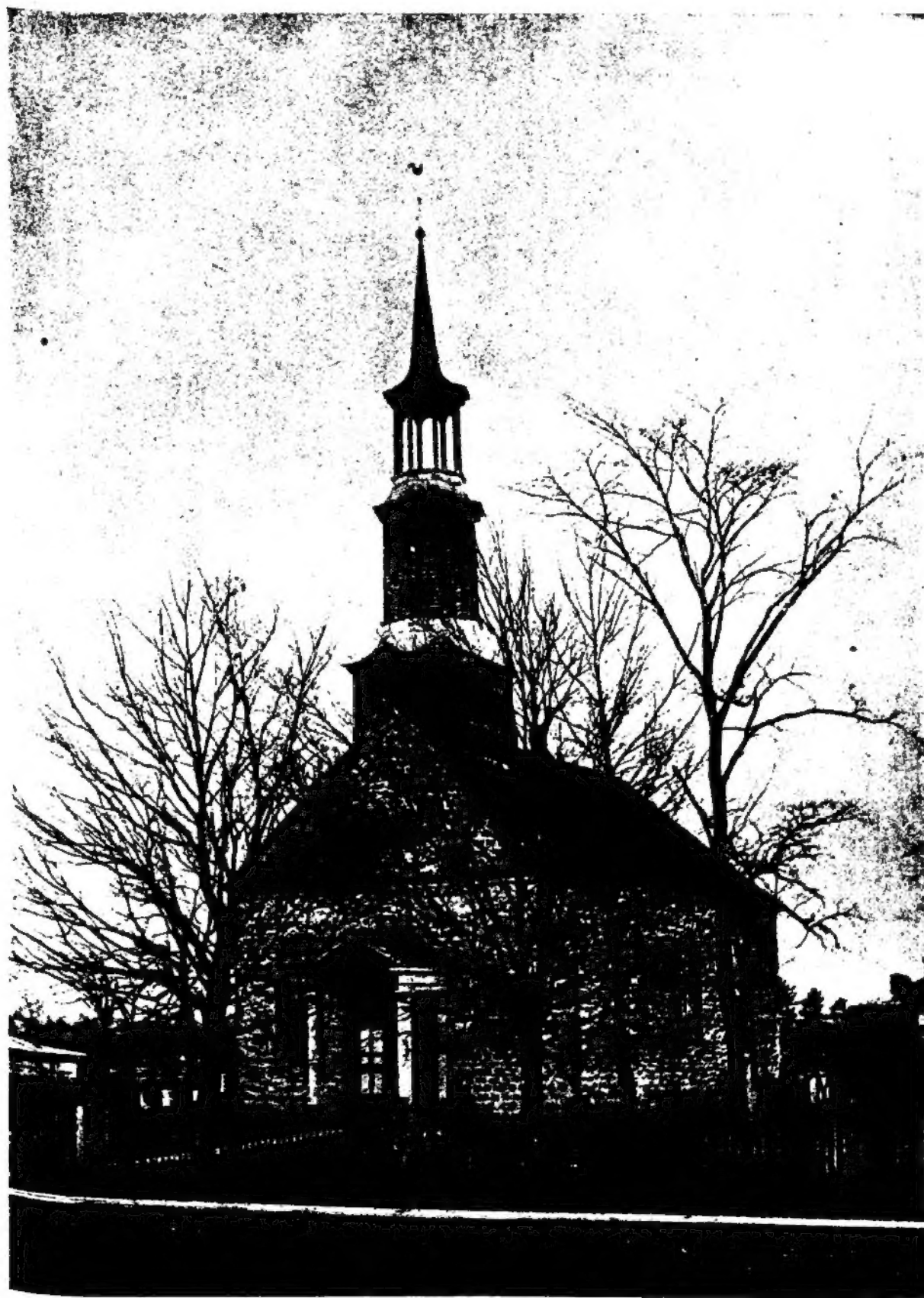


THE OLD FORT.



THE MANOR HOUSE.

VIEWS AT CHAMBLY, P.Q.



CHURCH OF ENGLAND, CHAMBLY, P.Q. (FRONT VIEW.)

expedition accomplished but little in one way, we owe much to it in another, as the cruelty and barbarism meted out at the hands of a royal despot might still remain sealed but for Kennan's visit, and his subsequent labours in the cause of humanity which that visit inspired.

The lecturer gave a very fascinating description of the summer scenery of Kamschatka, dispelling the popular idea that it was but a wilderness of ice and snow. Cold and dreary, and desolate as it ever is in winter, during the summer months it is luxuriant and extremely beautiful, possessing an endless variety of mountain, valley, river and lake scenery. He described minutely the customs of the Korak tribes of this little-known region, who, depending for their very existence upon the reindeer, are obliged to lead a nomadic life in order to procure fodder for them. These tribes live in large tents—twenty to forty feet in diameter—manufactured out of the skins of the deer. Their favourite repast is a decoction of clotted blood, tallow, dry grass, and the half-digested mass taken from the stomach of the reindeer. Their religion is peculiar, and consists in the worship of an evil spirit, whom they endeavour to propitiate by sacrificing their dogs and deer; and in cases of emergency their little ones. The aged and infirm members of the tribe, when unequal to the march, are religiously despatched. This is done either by crushing their heads between stones, or by a skilful use of the spear. In every case death is met with stoical indifference. The dress of these tribes differs largely from that of the Eskimo. Their stockings, boots and trousers are all made of double fur, while the body is encased in an immense sort of shirt, girt with a leathern thong, and having the smallest possible neck-hole to admit the head. To this a hood of corresponding proportions is attached, which projects far beyond the face. The advantages from having the body garment roomy are apparent. Several gallons of air are thus admitted, which, becoming gradually warmer from contact with the body, protects the vitals from the low temperature without.

A most amusing account was cited of the marriage ceremony in vogue among these half-civilized tribes. Around the inside of the tent are a number of hanging skins, so arranged as to form a passage with the outer covering. Upon the day assigned for the marriage the would-be bridegroom, having completed his term of service for the hand of his master's daughter, is ushered into the tent with his hoped-for bride amid a pandemonium of beaten drums, when at a given signal the young

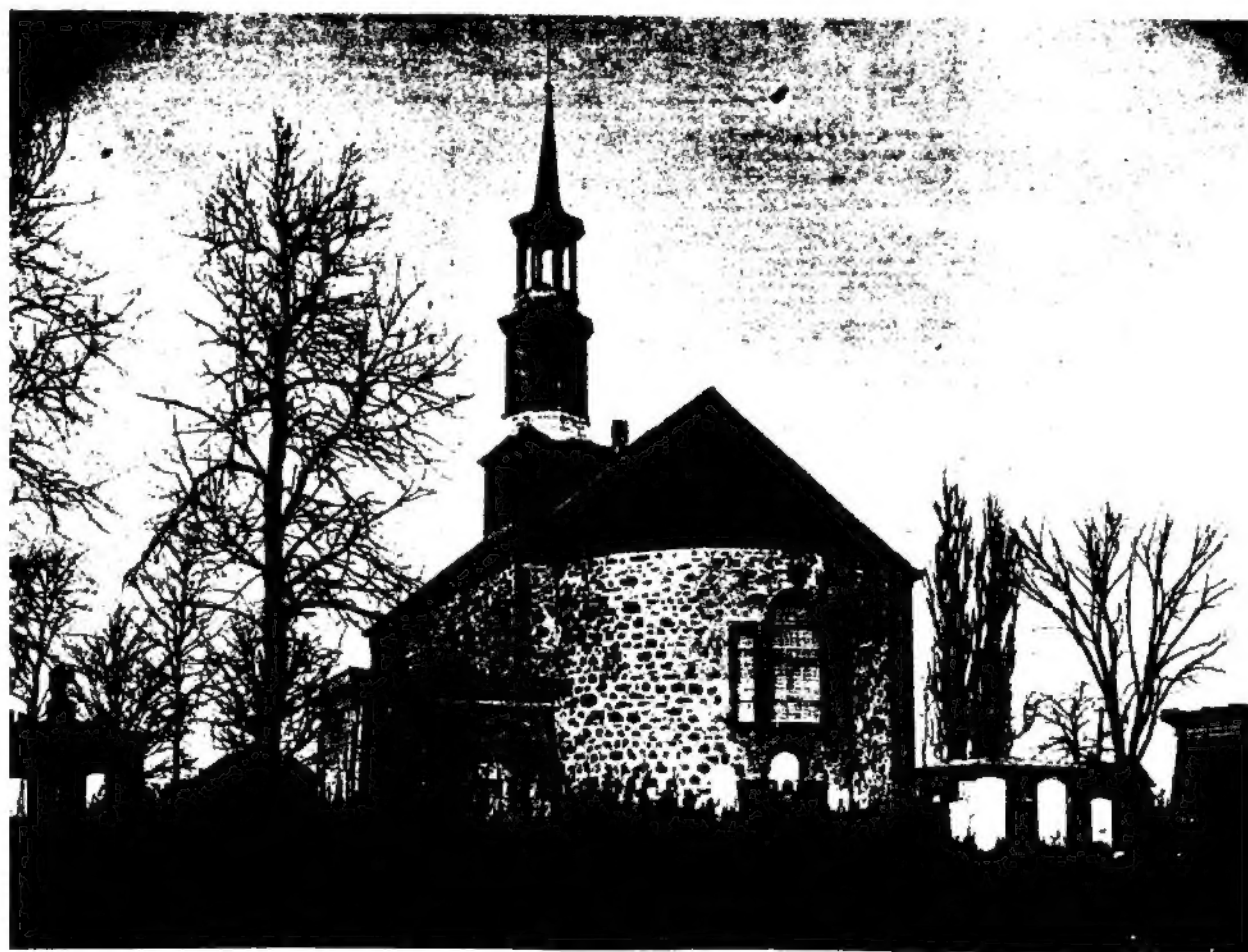
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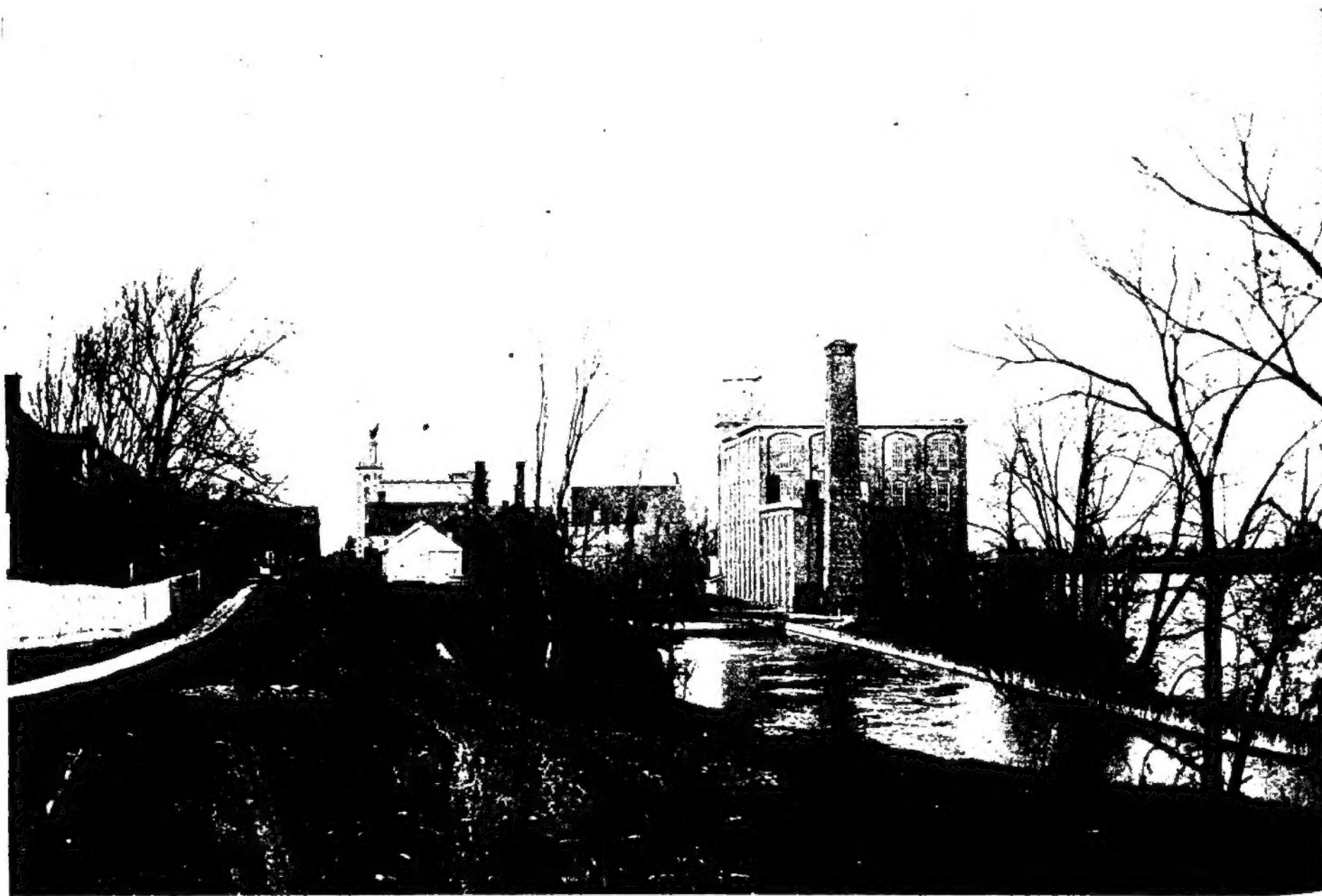
R. GEORGE KENNAN, who has just left us for the Western States, where he intends lecturing this winter, lectured in the Court house here recently. It is needless to say that the large court room was filled to overflowing. The distinguished

Siberian explorer was introduced by Professor Bell, of telephone fame, in a few well chosen remarks; and as the lecturer made his *debut* before a Maritime Province audience, he was greeted with prolonged applause. Those who had read his graphic articles, which appeared in the *Century* some two years ago, anticipated a literary treat, and were not disappointed. His vigorous style was more keenly felt as the "living voice" related a chapter of "Camp Life in Siberia."

The lecturer began by briefly stating the object of his visit to Eastern Russia, which, with a party of three others, was to project a telegraphic route, on behalf of the Russo-American Company, by which both hemispheres might be brought into direct communication—the much talked of Atlantic cable being then generally supposed impracticable. Embarking at San Francisco, they were not long in reaching Kamschatka (Kam-shat'-ka), and then began that life of adventure and hardship which only seemed fruitless, as the success of the Atlantic cable was shortly afterwards assured. Yet, if the



CHURCH OF ENGLAND, CHAMBLY, P.Q. (REAR VIEW.)



MILLS AT CHAMBLY.

woman rushes off into the passage, while her suitor rushes in hot pursuit as successfully as he can, being tripped and belaboured with drumsticks and ladles, wielded by the whole assembled party, who do their utmost to impede his progress. Should he not succeed in overtaking his lady-love before she has completed the circle of the inner tent, then the marriage is declared "off." From what we know of the feminine heart, we may suppose that this rarely happens, and that the young woman prefers to await her lord's coming in some part of the passage, when they re-enter in triumph, husband and wife. The hardships of a winter in that dreary land were vividly portrayed, and a graphic account given of a successful search for a lost party. The temperature frequently registered 68°, and upon one occasion, quicksilver poured into a bullet-mould froze so solidly that, when fired from a gun, it penetrated an inch board.

The lecturer sang a few songs in the Russian language, which afforded a great deal of amusement. His lecture closed with a wonderful bit of word-painting, descriptive of the aurora borealis as observed in those high latitudes. My brief notes can give but a faint idea of this charming lecture. The proceeds are to be devoted to the establishment of a free circulating library in this place.

Mr. Kennan is not only an able writer; he also possesses in a high degree those qualities which go to make a really first-class lecturer, and his easy manner of relating his experience exhibits a thorough knowledge of, and sympathy with his subject.

H. H. P.

Baddeck, C.B.

Chambly Churchyard.

By C. B. B. E.

How peacefully the sleepers lie
Beneath the cloudless summer sky
Within the church's shade,
No sound to break their deep repose,
Save where the rapids' murm'ring flow,

Or trill of oriole sweet and low
Blends with the wind that gently blows.

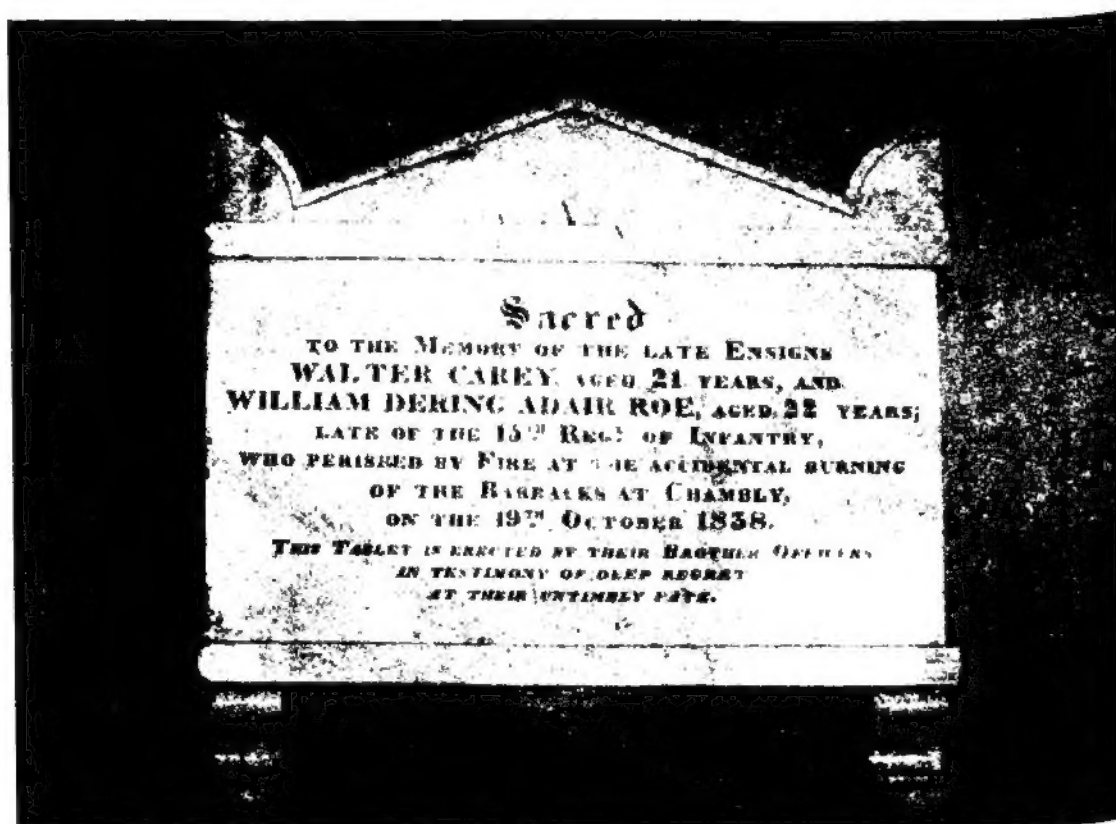
Above their graves the grasses spring,
The scented clovers incense fling,
The lily opens her bell
All through the long bright summer hours,
And life-warm sunbeam's quick'ning ray
Falls golden on the old vaults grey,
Through waving plumes of chestnut flowers.

All, all is peace, in turfy bed,
Or solemn vault; the quiet dead
So calmly slumber now,
We scarce can dream that life's unrest
Disturbed erewhile the pulseless breast
Or stamped with care the marble brow.

Yet had these sleepers mortal doom,
The anguish throb, the deep'ning gloom,
The grief that comes with years,
The withered hopes, the slow decay;
Ambition's storm, contentment's calm,
Life's heartsease flower, the victor's palm,
Scattered upon their chequered way.

Here underneath the marble slab
The soldier sleeps, his battles o'er
His deeds of valour done,
His conqu'ring sword put up for aye,
His arms "laid down." No more to wake
Till the last trump his sleep shall break
Upon the resurrection day.

—Canadian Church Magazine.



A TABLET IN THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND, CHAMBLY.



TORONTO, October 23, 1891.



AM am glad to see a good portrait of Mr. George Martin embellishing the *Magazine of Poetry* (C. W. Moulton, Buffalo, N.Y.) for October. It is accompanied by a biographical notice written by Mr. Martin's old friend and fellow-poet, John Reade, who is also a fellow-Irishman. Among the selections given as specimens of Mr. Martin's muse is, perhaps, the finest thing he ever wrote, the stanzas to Keats:

"Full late in life I found thee, glorious Keats!
Some chance-blown verse had visited my ear
And careless eye, once in some sliding year
Like some rare plumaged bird ope rarely meets.
And when it came that o'er thy page I bent
A sudden gladness smote upon my blood—
Wonder and joy, an aromatic flood
Distilled from an enchanted firmament.
And on this flood I floated, hours and hours,
Unconscious of the world's perplexing din,
Its blackened crust of misery and sin,
Rocked in a shallop of elysian flowers.
O had I missed this Hippocrene, and slept
Without full measure of the choicest draught
That ever mortal man divinely quaffed,
What depths of bliss the gods from me had kept."

As Mr. Reade says, and whoever has read "Marguerite, or the Isle of Demons," will heartily endorse his words, "Of one thing there can be no doubt—that Mr. Martin is a true poet and a true man." We will add, and a true Canadian also, for though not born in Canada, all but a few years of his childhood have been lived here, and all his endeavour has been for Canada's welfare.

Another Irish-Canadian, not yet known to fame, but who must be eventually, was spoken of to me casually the other day; the gentleman is Mr. Royal, of Weston, Ont., whose comedy, *Irish Honour*, was presented at the Grand Opera House the early part of this week. I did not hear of it in time to see the play, and newspaper opinions dealt not so much with the play itself as with the company that performed it; and here, like doctors on a serious case, they differed. It is, nevertheless, a matter of congratulation to the public and Mr. Royal that anything good enough to be put upon Canadian boards has come out of Canada. It shews that we are, as a people, beginning to believe in ourselves.

Our able Chief Librarian of the Public Library tells me, in a note, "I received yesterday the original warrant conferring the office of Chaplain to the Legislative Council on the Rev. John Strachan, signed by Isaac Brock, July 28, 1812, and hope to shew in our new proposed museum a number of other documents equally interesting."

The removal of all the treasures, archaeological, geological, mineralogical, ethnological, social and domestic, that have been collected by the York Pioneer Society, and the Canadian Institute, a highly valuable and expensive collection indeed, to a museum under the care of the public library board is being talked of.

There are, however, many persons who think that such a museum should be regarded as an institution in itself, be laid down on lines of expansibility such as would permit and encourage the fullest development in all its sections, and have a building, equipment, and superintendence of its own.

The buildings of the old Upper Canada College find favour in many eyes for this purpose, the site being most convenient and the apartments readily adapted to such an end, while sufficient of the grounds could be retained to form very attractive surroundings, after large slices had been taken off from all sides save the south for building purposes.

Among the treasures of the York Pioneers are an ancient piano, a legacy from the widow of one of their oldest members, and a flour-mill, the gift of Mr. Sherriff McKellar, of Hamilton. This mill is a section of a trunk of a tree, and the hopper is a cavity burned into it by means of a red-hot

cannon-ball, or some similar method, the meal being made by pounding the wheat or corn with a pestle made of a stick of iron-wood. It will thus be seen that the museum would be of a very heterogeneous nature, while of exceeding value to the student and writer.

But to make the museum as useful as it might be it must be made popular, and to this end must be easy of access and readily got at, which it could hardly be in the top storey of our public library building.

In a kind editorial paragraph of the issue for the 15th inst. the editor of *The Canadian Militia Gazette* alludes to my strictures on the report in his paper to the effect that Col. Anderson had "complimented" his men on dismissing them at the close of the Hull riots, on their good behaviour. The editor says, "If instead of the compliment reported, the Colonel rather expressed his appreciation of the spirit in which orders had been obeyed, how would that sound?"

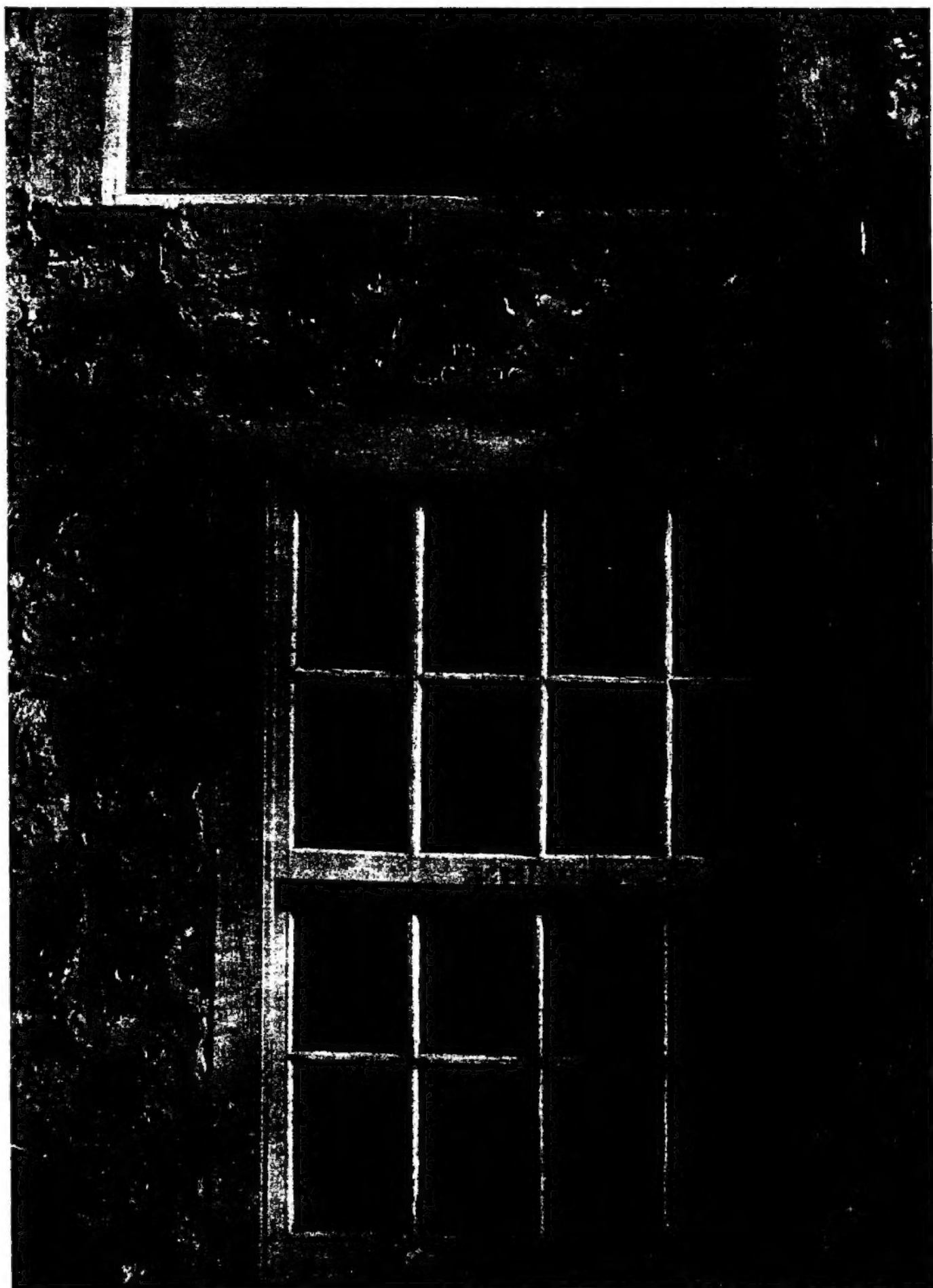
That would have sounded very well, because it would have meant something better than a compliment, a word to which we have come to attach an idea of insincerity, a kind of sop to self-complaisance.

As the editor sympathetically and most kindly says, I am the mother of one who "was a model militia-man," and I know how severe are the duties, how slight the recompense, and how few the rewards of the militia. Moreover, I know

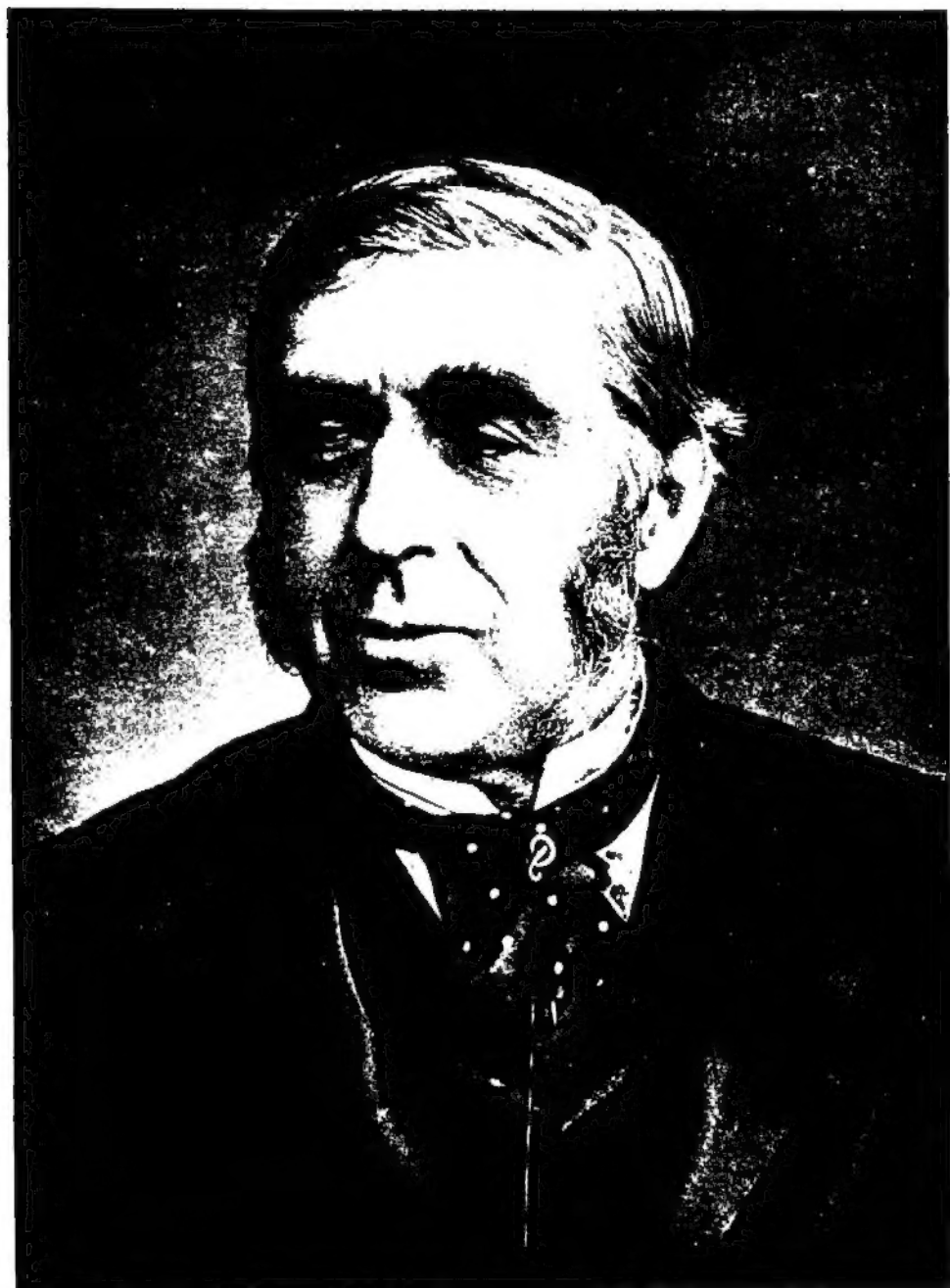
that they can be called out on no uglier duty than riots. Themselves of the people, it is more than likely that some of them will be with the people in the sentiment, or some phase of it, that leads to the rioting and that they should be governed by purely military considerations at such a time would be indeed to their credit. There are also peculiar dangers to be encountered, or at least risked, by the military during riots; the sight of organized legal strength excites a red-hot mob even while it daunts it, and if conflict ensues, the worst passions of an inflamed crowd are sure to be wreaked on the soldiery, whether regular or civilian; so that, as the editor of the *Militia Gazette* clearly understands, it was from no unfriendly or capious motive that my criticism proceeded, only from a desire to see the service stand as high as possible in the public eye, whether on the field of action or in a newspaper report. If we all learn to make our words say what we mean, so that we always mean what we say, the Queen's English will be much the gainer.

The ceremony of the re-interment of the remains of the eleven men lately exhumed at Lundy's Lane was very solemn and impressive. I have just received some account of it from the president of the Lundy's Lane Historical Society, Rev. Canon Bull, but as it deserves a more particular notice than this letter can give, I will send it you in another form.

S. A. CURZON.



WINDOW IN THE OLD MILL, WITH DATE.
VIEW AT CHAMBLY P.Q.



THE RIGHT HON. G. J. GOSCHEN, M.P.
CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.



THE RIGHT HON. SIR MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH, BART, M.P.
PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE.

TWO PROMINENT MEMBERS OF THE IMPERIAL CABINET.

The Right Hon. G. J. Goschen.

The Right Hon. G. J. Goschen, whose name has lately been so prominently brought to the front in connection with the succession to the leadership of the British Commons, has had a distinguished parliamentary career. Next to Lord Hartington he is the ablest and most influential member of the Liberal-Unionist party. He is now sixty years of age, having been born in 1831, in the city of London. After receiving his education at Rugby and at Oriel College, Oxford, he entered upon business pursuits, and in 1856 became a director of the Bank of England. In 1863 he entered parliament unopposed, as a Liberal member for the city of London, and was re-elected at the head of the poll in 1865. In the same year he was appointed vice-president of the Board of Trade, and for a short time in 1866 was Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, with a seat in the Cabinet. In 1868 he joined Gladstone's Cabinet as President of the Poor Law Board, and in 1871 became First Lord of the Admiralty. After sitting as a representative for London till 1880, he stood for Ripon and was elected, and in 1885 was returned for the Eastern Division of Edinburgh. Being opposed to the extension of the franchise, he did not join Gladstone's Cabinet of that year, and also declined the offered post of Viceroy of India. He accepted, however, the office of Special Ambassador to the Porte, and was instrumental in settling the Montenegrin and Greek frontier questions in 1880-81. Later he declined the Speakership of the Commons owing to his defective eyesight. Mr. Goschen opposed the policy of his party on the county franchise question and also their foreign policy, between 1880 and 1885, and when Gladstone's Home Rule Bill was launched in 1886 the breach became apparently final. He denounced the measure with great vigour, and, as already stated, was soon recognized, next to Lord Hartington, as the most authoritative and influential of the Liberal-Unionists. But he lost his election in Edinburgh that year. Being

offered the Chancellorship of the Exchequer, and urged by Lord Hartington and his colleagues of the Dissident party to accept, he did so, and ran for the Exchange Division of Liverpool, only to be defeated by seven votes. Lord Algernon Percy having retired from the St. George's Hanover Square Division, Mr. Goschen was elected to that seat, February 9, 1887. Mr. Goschen is the author of several financial and political pamphlets and a well known work on "The Theory of Foreign Exchange." He has also written on educational and social subjects, and as Lord Rector of Aberdeen University delivered a notable address to the students in 1888 on "Intellectual Interest." A powerful and argumentative speaker, his vehement attacks on the Home Rule Bill were a potent factor in the rejection of that measure. As a financier Mr. Goschen has been sharply criticized regarding some of his proposed measures, but the important one for the reduction of the interest on the national debt, adopted in 1889, was cordially received by all parties.

The Right Hon. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach.

Another member whose name was mentioned in connection with the leadership of the Commons, before the position went to Balfour, was the Right Hon. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, P.C., M.P., D.C.L., who was Chancellor of the Exchequer and leader of the Commons in Lord Salisbury's first administration. Born in 1837, he was educated at Eton and Christ Church, Oxford. He is a Conservative, and has been in parliament continuously since 1864, representing East Gloucestershire from that date till 1885, since which he has represented West Bristol. He has twice filled the thankless and difficult position of Chief Secretary for Ireland—from 1874 to 1878, and again for a short time during 1886-87, when he resigned owing to failing eyesight. Other official appointments that have been held by him

are, Parliamentary Secretary to Poor Law Board; Under Secretary for Home Office; Secretary of State for the Colonies, and those now held by the Hon. Mr. Goschen. In 1888, after a prolonged tour for the benefit of his health, he returned to his parliamentary duties, and re-entered the cabinet as President of the Board of Trade, a position he yet holds. Without being brilliant, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach is a man who stands high in the counsels of his party and in the esteem of the country at large.

Lord Wolseley on Moltke.

In the *United Service Magazine* for October Lord Wolseley concludes his estimate of Field-Marshal von Moltke in these terms:—"Those who know poor, weak, jealous humanity most will best realize the dangers inherent in this Prussian system of command. But above all things, they will not fail to admire the unselfish loyalty with which Moltke served his King, and the disinterested patriotism with which he served his country. It would be difficult to find in history a more remarkable example of those noble qualities—qualities which go far to redeem humanity from contempt—than Moltke displayed when, in deference to the military Constitution of Prussia, he cheerfully accepted the second position in that great and splendid army which won for all Germans the unification of their Fatherland. Abroad he was known as the greatest strategist, the ablest soldier of his epoch. At home, revered wherever the German tongue is spoken, he is still known as the great chief of the staff to the Prussian monarch. Had he served any other nation, his epitaph would have described him as the conqueror of Denmark, of Austria, and of France. But in his own country he will be simply remembered forever, and he was content to be so remembered, with deep feelings of pride and affection, as the loyal patriot, the great soldier, and the faithful servant of his King. What fame could the good man wish for more?"



BY HAWLEY SMART.

Author of "Breezie Langton," "At Fault," "Tie and Trick," "Long Odds," "Without Love or Licence," &c., &c.

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CHAPTER XXI.—POLLY'S MARRIAGE.

Frances Smerdon had been leading a life of great discontent of late; she was restless and discontented because she was left in complete ignorance of a good deal that she was anxious to know. Of Nellie Lynden she had heard no word since she said good-bye to her at Manchester. Where she was, or what she was doing, Frances had no idea. That Hugh Fleming was alive and well she gathered from the papers, which all contained paragraphs concerning the missing officer. In her anxiety to hear something of Nellie, she had written to Polly Phybbs, but the girl could only reply that she knew no more than Miss Smerdon; she had never seen or heard of either Dr. or Miss Lynden, since their departure, that there were letters for both of them, but she did not know where to forward them; she further informed Miss Smerdon that it was very awkward, she did not know what to do; that the landlord of the house would, she was afraid, shortly give trouble; that a half year's rent would become due ere long, and that the proprietor stated that if he could hear nothing of the Doctor or his money by that time, he should be compelled to take the house once more into his own hands; that he did not understand a gentleman in Dr. Lynden's position absenting himself in such an extraordinary fashion; that it would be called absconding as a rule, and was suggestive of Dr. Lynden having fled from his creditors, but he acquitted him of that, because to the best of his belief he owed no man money in the city, except himself. Why could the Doctor not have given up the house before leaving, if he had no further use for it? That was the usual custom with yearly tenants. He had been treated with no consideration, and should certainly not keep a house vacant for a man who had behaved as badly to him as the Doctor had done. The result of this one man's grumbling was that an idea gradually sprang up in the neighbourhood that the Doctor had fled to escape the consequences of his evil doing, though of what his evil doing consisted no one had an idea; even a name was not given to his assumed crime.

Such, narrated in wandering fashion, was the gist of Polly Phybbs' letter, and Frances was fain to admit that there was scant information to be gained from that quarter. The one thing it seemed to point to was that Dr. Lynden had no intention of returning to Manchester; that something might have occurred to necessitate his leaving it temporarily was easy to understand, but it was singular that he had not found time to make his landlord acquainted with his decision.

The weeks slip by, and the Easter of eighteen fifty-six is at hand. Peace is not proclaimed, but it is known now to be an absolute certainty; and as

Frances Smerdon thinks over the great drama that is now played out, it all seems to her like a dream. A few months back, and she had felt herself intimately connected with some of those who were playing their parts in it, and now she had no idea what had become of them. The papers, it is true, still mentioned the doings of the Crimean Army, but the fighting was over, there were no deeds of arms now to chronicle, and the letters of "Our Special Correspondents" were chiefly made up of accounts of their own tours up the country. It was rarely that there was any allusion to particular regiments, and of the —th she had heard never a word for months. Now it may be remembered that there resided at Manchester a Mrs. Montague, who had constantly acted as chaperone to the two girls. She had never maintained any correspondence with Miss Smerdon, but one morning Frances received a letter from her. She was a well meaning, frivolous, gossipy woman, but news to her was as the breath of her nostrils. She was never so happy as when either receiving or retailing it, and she had just picked up the story that Hugh Fleming was engaged to be married to a Russian Countess. Like everyone else, she was in perfect ignorance of where Miss Lynden was, otherwise she was just the woman to have at once hastened to condole with her on the infidelity of her lover. Not being able to write to her, she thought the nearest approach to it would be to write to Frances Smerdon, as her most intimate friend. Frances was thunderstruck at hearing such a rumour was current, and her first feeling was one of indignant disbelief. But as she reflected on Mrs. Montague's news, came the recollection that though that lady was an inveterate gossip, she was for all that a veracious one. That such stories as she might have to tell she had at all events heard and not invented. Still, it was hard to believe, so thoroughly in love as Hugh Fleming had been, he had proved faithless in so short a time. Ah, well, she had made as terrible a mistake in her own case, and perhaps she was quite as far wrong in Nell's. Then Frances came to the conclusion that if this was true, well, her friend was well out of her engagement; that a man so fickle as Hugh Fleming was not worth wasting a thought about; but for all that she felt that Nell Lynden would not feel it quite so easy to tear this love from her breast, a love that had cost her such heartache and anxiety during the past year. She longed more than ever to be by her side and comfort her during this fresh hour of trial, and yet she knew that Nell was the last girl to bear with commiseration from anyone in such trouble as this would be to her. There was only one means to inquire into the truth of this report that Miss Smerdon could think of, and accordingly she once more wrote to Polly Phybbs

to ask if she had heard anything of her master and mistress. The reply was as before, nothing.

Miss Phybbs at present had her hands tolerably full of her own affairs. Police Constable Tarrant had been blest with another inspiration. What Sergeant Evans had gathered from their investigation of the laboratory Dick had no conception. That the Sergeant did not think much of his own astuteness, Dick had gathered from his concluding words on that occasion, but it happened to suit him to persevere in the belief that the Doctor was guilty of malpractices of some sort. And, as we know, the opinion of the neighbourhood rather favoured that supposition. Mr. Tarrant impressed upon Polly that it was more imperative than ever that strict watch should be kept on the Doctor's house. He had his own reasons for this, having been suddenly struck with a brilliant idea; it was perfectly preposterous that he should be paying for his lodgings while such an excellent billet as the Doctor's house was next door to vacant.

"You see, Polly," said Mr. Tarrant, "the way the Doctor went off is in itself suspicious, and of course he'll have to account for himself. When you want to catch a fox watch his earth. Now you see I can't depend upon you. You've let him slip through your fingers once, and you'd do it again. Of course, for keeping an eye on 'em there is nothing like living in the same house, but then, you see it ain't in you. It ain't your fault; it's not everybody's got the gift of observation."

"I don't believe Dr. Lynden will ever come back."

"Oh yes he will, they always do. Now, I tell you what, my girl. I'm just going to combine business and economy. What do people do when they go away—for nobody knows how long—like Dr. Lynden? What do they do, I say? Why, they puts a caretaker into their house, of course; and who makes the best caretaker? A policeman, a man like myself, who is both a guardian of the law and a keen observer. My wages ain't that liberal that I can afford to play ducks and drakes with my money, and it's all nonsense my paying for my lodgings while there's plenty of vacant bedrooms and the run of a tidy kitchen here for nothing."

Now all this gave rise to not only discussion, but considerable altercation between these two. Mr. Tarrant was a man not much given to see beyond his nose, and whose keenness of observation was pretty much confined to what affected his own comfort. Polly, on the other hand, demurred to his becoming an inmate of the household. She pointed out that if she allowed him to come and live there in the absence of her master, it would give rise to considerable scandal among the neighbours at her expense. This, Mr. Tarrant promptly

met with a proposal to marry her at once. Polly was quite aware that this was a piece of imprudence; that she had not money enough yet put by with which to start housekeeping, and it was simply preposterous to suppose Dick had any reserve fund of this nature; that their position at the best would be extremely precarious, terminating of course as soon as the house was tenanted again. But Dick was obstinate, he argued that there were always plenty of houses to let in Manchester, and that if he once got a start in this sort of employment he should never be out of a job, and so after they had quarrelled and argued over the subject for some weeks Polly eventually gave in, and consented to become Mrs. Tarrant during the approaching Easter week. It was all over at last, Miss Phybbs had become Mrs. Tarrant, and Polly, having taken care to obtain the consent of the landlord, in the absence of her master, Dick was duly installed in the berth he coveted, and combined the post of caretaker of Dr. Lynden's house with his official duties.

After poring some days over the papers he had taken from the Doctor's laboratory, Sergeant Evans felt pretty sure that he had got to the bottom of the Doctor's mysterious occupation.

"I've heard of such a thing," he muttered, "Ah, heard it talked about often since this war began, but I never much believed in it. I've been told often that England is full of Russian spies, and I have very little doubt that the Doctor is one of them, and a top sawyer at the game. All those papers I took away from his laboratory mean that, if they mean anything, but I don't know what use we could make of it, even if I could prove it for one thing, and if we could catch him for another. I have never attempted to follow him up since he left, but he's probably well abroad by this time. I don't know what they'd do with a Russian spy, even if you took him red-handed. Out there, in the Crimea, they shoot such vermin I believe, but we couldn't do that here; nor do I believe that we could legally hang him. Ah, well, he's gone, and there's no more to be said about it. I take it, though, I could make it pretty hot for some of his correspondents if I only knew their names. They are employes in Government offices, I should fancy, many of them, and surely they are liable to punishment. The lady of the roses is the only one I know by sight, and further than that she came from London, I know nothing about her. He must have paid well, but even then, she doesn't look the sort to mix herself up in such a dirty business. That woman is a real lady, and holding her head pretty high too, ah well! given a passion for dress and a craving to take a place in the world, and there's no saying what a woman won't do. Who is she? She's a wedding ring on her finger. I wonder what her husband is! That fellow's most likely high up in the War Office, the Foreign Office, the Treasury or something, and selling Government information to pay for his wife's extravagance, dress and display," continued Sergeant Evans, shaking his head sagaciously. "Ah, dress and display! what a lot of domestic firesides you have burst up to be sure. It don't seem to matter a deal whether the man's on a clerk's stool at a hundred a year, or whether he's in the Director's parlour at five thousand. Well, this is all very pretty theory, but it ain't evidence. I've got the clue in my hand, it wouldn't be difficult to shadow that lady home, and then find out all about them; it's a beautiful case, it's a sin to give it up, it's just lovely, but then I'm not engaged in it.

"No," continued the Sergeant, "when people want one thing it's no use giving them another. When people are looking for the North Pole it ain't a bit of use sending 'em a lot of valuable information about Central Africa. Scotland Yard wants a coiner; well, I can only say we don't happen to have the article on hand at present. Scotland Yard must catch him themselves. As for Lynden, he'd doubtless his own reasons for making a bolt of it, though as far as I actually know there was no cause for his going. It's a very pretty puzzle, and I shall always feel sorry that the working it out didn't fall into my hands professionally. As for this Tarrant, how we came to take such a thickhead as that I can't think. I should recom-

mend the Chief to get rid of him at the first opportunity; and if I know anything about the lazy, good for nothing hound, he won't have to wait long for that."

CHAPTER XXII.—"EASTER EGGS."

The expedition that Byng and Brydon had planned and of which the ride to Batchi Serai had been only the forerunner, was now on the point of departure. There were half-a-dozen of them altogether, and they were taking with them a cart drawn by two stout ponies, which conveyed a bell tent for themselves, and a picket tent for their servants, besides rugs and other impedimenta. They were going, as Byng laughingly remarked, like all other fashionable people, into the country for Easter. They had got a week's leave, and the programme was to make their way up to Simpherpol by easy marches, and see as much as they could of that and any other towns before their return. They were to camp out, and so be thoroughly independent of hotels, while as for provisions, there would be no difficulty whatever in procuring them. It was a very pretty little tour, and many of them often looked back in after days to the free life they led, and the week's fun they had when they were campaigning in Russia on their own account, when there were no Colonels or Commander-in-chief to trouble them, and the only discontented man of the half-dozen was the man who had the middle watch. It was necessary that one of them should always be on guard at night, not that they feared either attack or robbery for themselves, but there was always the chance of one or other of the ponies getting loose and straying a little from their encampment, in which case his recovery would be very problematical.

"Well, I hope you fellows will have a good time," said the Adjutant, who, with two or three of their brother officers, had congregated about the mess-room door to see the expedition start. "By the time you come back we shall, most likely, have heard something about when we are to embark for home."

"Ah, it will take a good while," rejoined Byng, "even when it's begun. Think what a lot of ships it took to bring us all here. Wonder whether they will take home the railroad! If I was shareholder I should try and sell mine at Simpherpol. Good-bye!" and with that Tom and his companions rode off.

The party were by this all old hands at camp life, the organization had been efficient, and the result was satisfactory in the extreme. As a matter of course they pitched their tent one night on the outskirts of Batchi Serai, and here they counted upon coming across Hugh Fleming and bringing him back to dine with them at least, even if they didn't bring him back altogether. They soon found that the Russians were already withdrawing their troops from the Crimea. Many regiments were on their way to cross the Steppes, indeed several of the officers who had entertained Byng and Brydon a fortnight ago were already gone; so they were informed by a grey-headed old Colonel, who told them he had fought against them at Inkermann, and had served in Sebastopol from that day to its fall. From him they learnt that Mademoiselle Ivanhoff and the English officer were also amongst those who had left the place. Where they had gone to he didn't know.

"We have collected men," he said, "in the Chersonese from all parts of the empire; there was no keeping count of where they came from, any more than there is of where they are going to. My Corps came from Moscow. They are on their way back to St. Petersburg, and I follow them tomorrow. Half of them we have left round Sebastopol, and though the weather is fine, the rest have a weary march across the Steppes before them. You are fortunate, gentlemen, your ships will carry you home."

"It's a rum go," said Brydon, after they had said farewell to the Russian Colonel, "but I can't believe but what Hugh Fleming might have rejoined us at any time in the past month if he had wished to."

Byng assented shortly. He was quite of Brydon's opinion, but did not dare to discuss what he con-

sidered Hugh's weakness. It all mattered nothing to him. If Hugh chose to jilt his *fiancée* and marry this Russian girl, it was no business of his. He thought his old chum was making a grievous mistake, and that though Mademoiselle might be extremely charming to philander with, Hugh would find she didn't do as a wife.

"Of course, she's a tremendous pull," he murmured. "She's nursed him through a deuced bad bout of it, saved his life, and all that, which gives her a claim upon him, and she struck me as just the sort of woman to rivet such manacles tight. They are all condemning Hugh and calling him a fool, but very likely none of us would have come out of the thing a bit better. Men often find it difficult to escape an entanglement of this sort, when the lady holds nothing like such cards as chance dealt Mademoiselle Ivanhoff." With such reflections Byng beguiled the way back to their small encampment; he would say nothing to his companions, who, finding that Hugh was not at Batchi Serai would probably for the present dismiss him from their memories; but would take every opportunity that afforded itself of ascertaining whether Hugh had veritably left the Crimea. Mademoiselle Ivanhoff was apparently a lady of some note, and when they got up to Simpherpol he would possibly learn something definite about her movements at all events.

The whole party were all in the highest possible health and spirits, and as Byng foresaw, the strange conduct of Hugh Fleming had already faded from his companions' minds. Had they not camped on the banks of the Alma and consoled themselves for not being present at that brilliant victory by bathing in the famed stream? At length they pitched their tent in the environs of Simpherpol; though not nearly so pretty, this was much more of a town than Batchi Serai. The semi-Oriental appearance which marked the capital of the Khans was absent here. Simpherpol was emphatically a Russian town, and just now thronged with Russian officers and all that multitude of followers that an army, if stationed ever so short a time, rapidly collects round itself. The hotels, by no means numerous, were crowded, and the party rather congratulated themselves upon their own canvas habitations that made them independent. Easter was in full swing. The churches were thronged, and the bells seemed to peal continually, both day and night. Easter eggs were much in vogue, and more than one, gaily painted and beribboned, was presented to Tom and his friends. They attracted some little attention in the town, not that the British uniform had been an uncommon sight there for the last month, but they were rather a strong party, and when they first rode into the place many of the passers by turned to stare at them.

They had lounged into one of the churches the evening after their arrival, and were listening to the solemn swell of the organ in the celebration of Midnight Mass, when Byng suddenly felt his arm touched, and turning round saw a neat looking peasant girl at his elbow, throwing him a meaning glance, who slipped an Easter egg into his hand, then breaking another in her own, nodded him to do likewise, put her finger for a second on her lip, and vanished. Tom quietly made his way out of the church after his mysterious messenger, but at the door she looked back at him, frowned, shook her head, and signified unmistakeably that he was not to follow her. Then, once more making a motion with her hand as if breaking something, she darted down the street and left Byng standing in the brilliantly lighted doorway of the building. Tom crushed the egg in his hand, as it had been clearly intimated that he should do, and found, as he expected, that it contained a note, and marvelled considerably who his unknown correspondent could be, Byng proceeded to run his eye over it.

"If you have a little more strength of mind than most of your sex, take away your friend. There is no keeping flies from the honey, and once cloyed with its sweets they are powerless to help themselves. You know what I mean; your friend has fallen into the toils, and is but as wax in the hands of Marie Ivanhoff. I would wish no enemy of mine a worse fate than this. Who am I, and why do I interfere? A woman, a woman on whom in

her insolence Marie Ivanhoff has dared to inflict bitter wrong. She stole my lover from me, and though it is not yet a year since he died gloriously for Russia in Sebastopol, already this Englishman takes his place. Do you know what these Ivanhoffs are? Unscrupulous adventurers destitute of all sense of honour and principle. The brother a gambler and duellist, the sister an intrigante, who plays with men's hearts as a conjurer with balls. What Marie may purpose to do with the Englishman I do not know—marry him perhaps if he is wealthy. To save your friend I would not stir a finger, to thwart Marie Ivanhoff I would spend the last rouble I possess. Captain Fleming is a free man at this moment, although he does not know it. The Jezebel, whose slave he is, has contrived to keep back the order for releasing him from his *parole*. If you wish to see him, be in the same place, at the same time, to-morrow night.

"VASHTA."

"Well," thought Tom, after he had read it, "I've always known women to pick each other to pieces a bit, but for command of polished Billingsgate, it strikes me 'Vashta's' about top form. However, whether all she says of Mademoiselle Ivanhoff is true, or, as is very probable, not half of it, the sooner Master Hugh clears out the better for him. I'll be here to-morrow, and, if I can, take him away."

Tom's conclusion, as he came to find out afterwards, was pretty accurate. If Mademoiselle Ivanhoff was a born coquette, and plunged from one flirtation into another, she was very far from being as bad as the *soi-disant* Vashta painted her. The two had been fast friends once, but had quarrelled, and there was now bitter enmity between them, enmity too, of the most malignant kind on the part of Vashta, who lost no opportunity of magnifying the peccadilloes of the Ivanhoffs into crimes. Alexis Ivanhoff, for instance, was a gambler certainly, like most of his countrymen, and he had also been out, but professed duellist he was not, still he gave quite sufficient occasion for his detractors to blacken his character.

At a villa in the environs of Simpheropol a lady was seated looking out across the Steppes, and musing in somewhat melancholy fashion how this episode in her life was to end.

"A few days," she murmured, "and I must set forth for my return journey to St. Petersburg. What am I to do with my Englishman. He is very nice, and I am very fond of him. I'm not very conventional, and not given to be afraid of what the world says, but I can't quite travel over half Russia with a gentleman who is not my husband. Shall I marry him? I can't make up my mind about that?"

The door opened, and the subject of her meditations stood before her; one glance at his face told Marie that he knew of her treachery.

"I thought it very odd," he said, "that no answer was made by the Governor to my application. You told me it was always the case with all official business in your country, that those in authority could not be hurried."

"You might have known that all officials expect to be paid for speed."

"You do them injustice. I am told that my freedom was restored to me some days since. How is it that the letter has never reached my hands?"

"How should I know," she replied, with a slight shrug of her shoulders. "The Orderly sent with it perhaps got drunk, perhaps lost it. What does it matter?"

"It matters a good deal," he replied quietly, but with a hardness in his tones to which she was totally unaccustomed. "I've business to do in England which brooks no delay."

"You cannot think of that, Hugh, till you have seen me safe to St. Petersburg," she murmured in her softest tones, and with a glance of her dark eyes, calculated to turn any man's head.

Not two minutes ago and she had pretty well made up her mind that she and Hugh must part, but now, all the inborn coquetry of her nature was aroused, and she could no more bear the idea of losing her lover than a cat could bear seeing a

mouse escape from its claws. She was, too, just at present, very fond of Hugh, and it had been solely from prudential motives that she had rather sorrowfully come to the conclusion that they must part. Now, passion had conquered prudence, and she had determined to detain him, cost what it might.

"I regret," he said, "that I am compelled to deprive myself of that pleasure. I have no right to be absent from England an hour longer than I can help. Where is that letter?"

"Hugh, dearest, you will see me to St. Petersburg, will you not?" she replied, gently laying her hand upon his arm, and utterly ignoring his last question.

"Where is that letter?" was his sole reply. Marie Ivanhoff's eyes began to sparkle, and it was with some little asperity that she rejoined:

"I have told you I know nothing of it."

"Excuse me, you are mistaken. I have been to the Governor's office. I have seen the Orderly who brought it. He did not lose it, but delivered it here at this house. I must trouble you to remember what you have done with it."

Mademoiselle recognised too clearly the suppressed anger in his tones. What could it be that made him so anxious to get to England? Was this the man she had thought so completely in her thrall, so securely compassed by her chains? Could it be possible that she had been beaten at her own game? That this Englishman had been staking counters all the time against her own gold pieces? Her cheeks flushed, and the dark eyes flashed ominously, as, still ignoring his question, she asked:

"What is it you are so anxious about in England?"

"To ascertain the safety of one I love," he replied, harshly. "The letter?"

"Of one loved dearer than any!" She half unconsciously quoted, and as she spoke the dark eyes gazed into his, as if to read his very soul. "Stop; do not speak, I can read my answer in your face," then crossing the room rapidly, she opened an escritoire, and exclaimed, "Here is your letter, Monsieur."

"And what right had you," he asked fiercely, as he took the letter from her hand—

"Stop!" she cried, drawing herself up to her full height, "spare me further humiliation. Your devotion to me has been all a farce. With your troth pledged to some white-faced English girl you have dared to amuse yourself with me. It is well for you that my brother is not at hand to call you to account for the affront you have put upon me. I have only now, Monsieur, to congratulate you on the complete recovery of your health, and to wish you *bon voyage*," and, having bestowed upon him a stately courtesy, Mademoiselle Ivanhoff swept from the room.

Nothing could be more sarcastic than the inflexion of her voice, as she alluded to the recovery of his health. Hugh could not but recall how much she had contributed to it. What a fool he had been in his wrath to all but blunder out that unlucky question. Did he want to tear the last shred off the woman's vanity, to whom he, humanly speaking, owed his life. But for such love as there had been between them he had not to hold himself much to blame. Mademoiselle Ivanhoff was no girl in her teens, but a young lady of wide experiences, and Hugh could honestly say that the temptations most decidedly came from her side in the commencement. He felt uncomfortable, nay more, to do him justice, he was much distressed at the idea of so parting from his nurse, but he vowed to himself that he would never swerve from his loyalty to Nellie Lynden. Men are apt to be casuists in such matters, but I think it was perhaps as well for Hugh Fleming that Miss Lynden was not called upon to sit in judgment upon his case at the time. The most merciful of women would, I fancy, have thought the offending too deep to be passed over lightly. As for Mademoiselle Ivanhoff, although she was for once defeated with her own weapons, no one could say that her retreat was not conducted with all the honours of war. But don't believe nevertheless that her guardian

friend and betrayer did not know that her thrust had gone home, and exult in her own power accordingly.

(To be continued.)

Dragged From His Horse.

An English exchange has at this late day discovered authority for an incident of the battle of Waterloo, that has probably never before been in print. It says:

The only prisoner made by the English reserve at Waterloo was a French general, whose capture was due to the cool head and stout heart of a young brigade-major, anxious for an adventure.

During the battle several regiments of cavalry and infantry were kept in reserve, under a heavy fire from the French guns. Great was the havoc, and neither men nor horses relished the passive attitude to which they were condemned.

While a group of young officers, in front of the left wing of the reserve, were discussing the situation, their attention was attracted to a French general and his staff, all on horseback, who were looking through their glasses at the Englishmen. One of the group was Captain Halkett, a young brigade major, mounted on a thoroughbred. Suddenly he exclaimed: "I'll lay any one £5 that I will bring that French general over here, dead or alive. Who'll take my bet?" "Done, done, done!" shouted several officers.

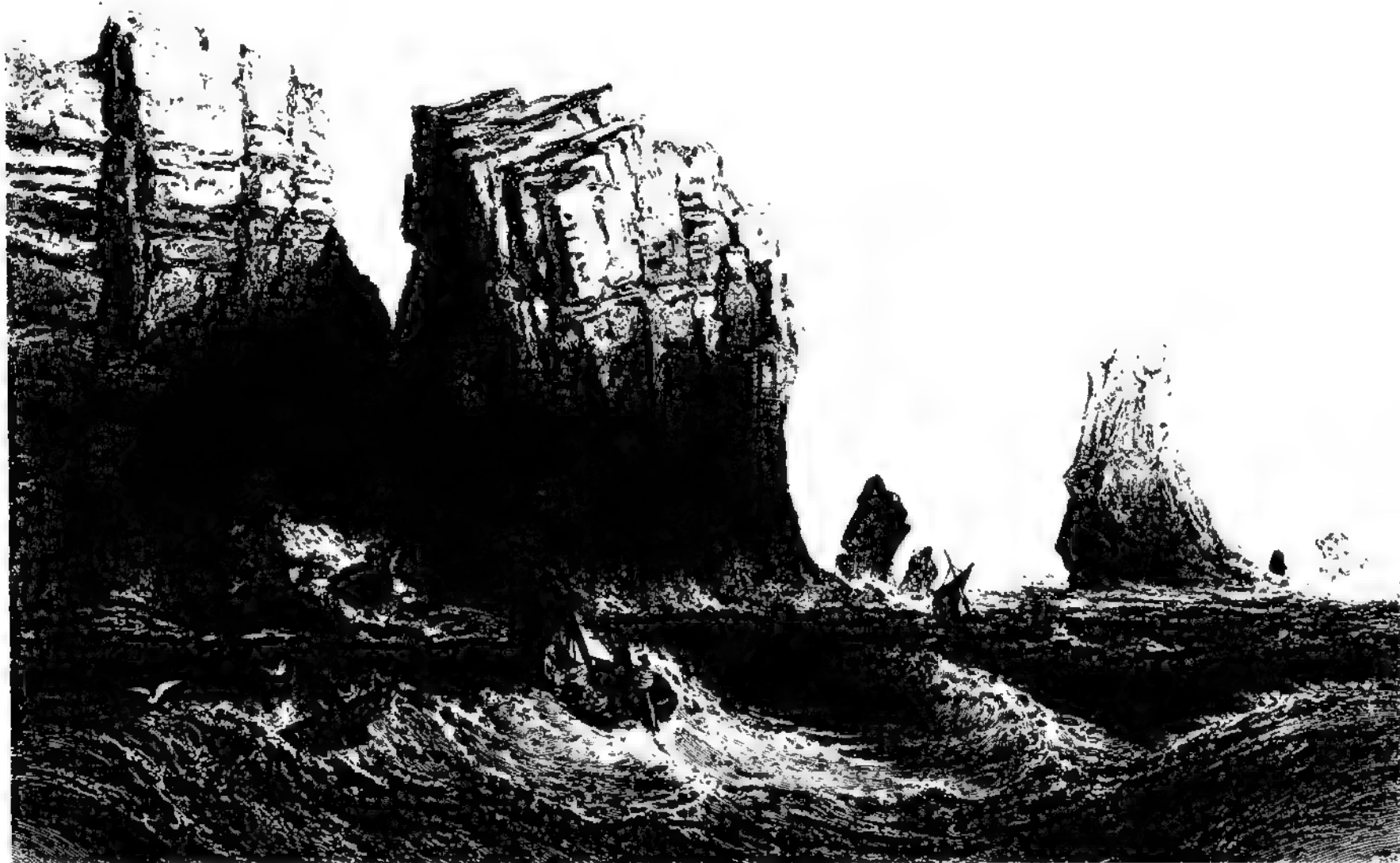
The captain examined the saddle girths and his pistols. Then shouting "good-bye" and putting spurs to his horse, he dashed at a furious pace across the plain between the British and French lines. His comrades followed him with their glasses, not speaking a word. The Frenchmen opposite seemed puzzled. Believing that the Englishman's horse had bolted and that the rider had lost control of him, they opened their ranks to let the runaway through. Halkett steered his steed so as to graze the mounted general on the right side. At that instant he put his arm around the Frenchman's waist, lifted him bodily out of the saddle, and, throwing him over his own horse's neck, turned sharp and made for the English lines. When the general's staff realized the meaning of the bold rider, they dashed after him, but he had a good start, and not a Frenchman dared to fire for fear of killing the general.

Half a squad of English dragoons, seeing Halkett chased by a dozen French officers, charged them. They opened their ranks to let Halkett pass through, closed them up again the moment he was in the rear and then forced the Frenchmen to turn swiftly and seek shelter under their own guns. Amid the maddening cheering Halkett stopped in front of the British lines, with the general half dead but securely clasped in his strong arms. He jumped from his horse, apologized to his prisoner for the unceremonious way in which he had been handled and, in reply to the congratulations of his comrades, said simply, "Praise my horse, not me." The captured general was treated with the utmost courtesy and consideration.

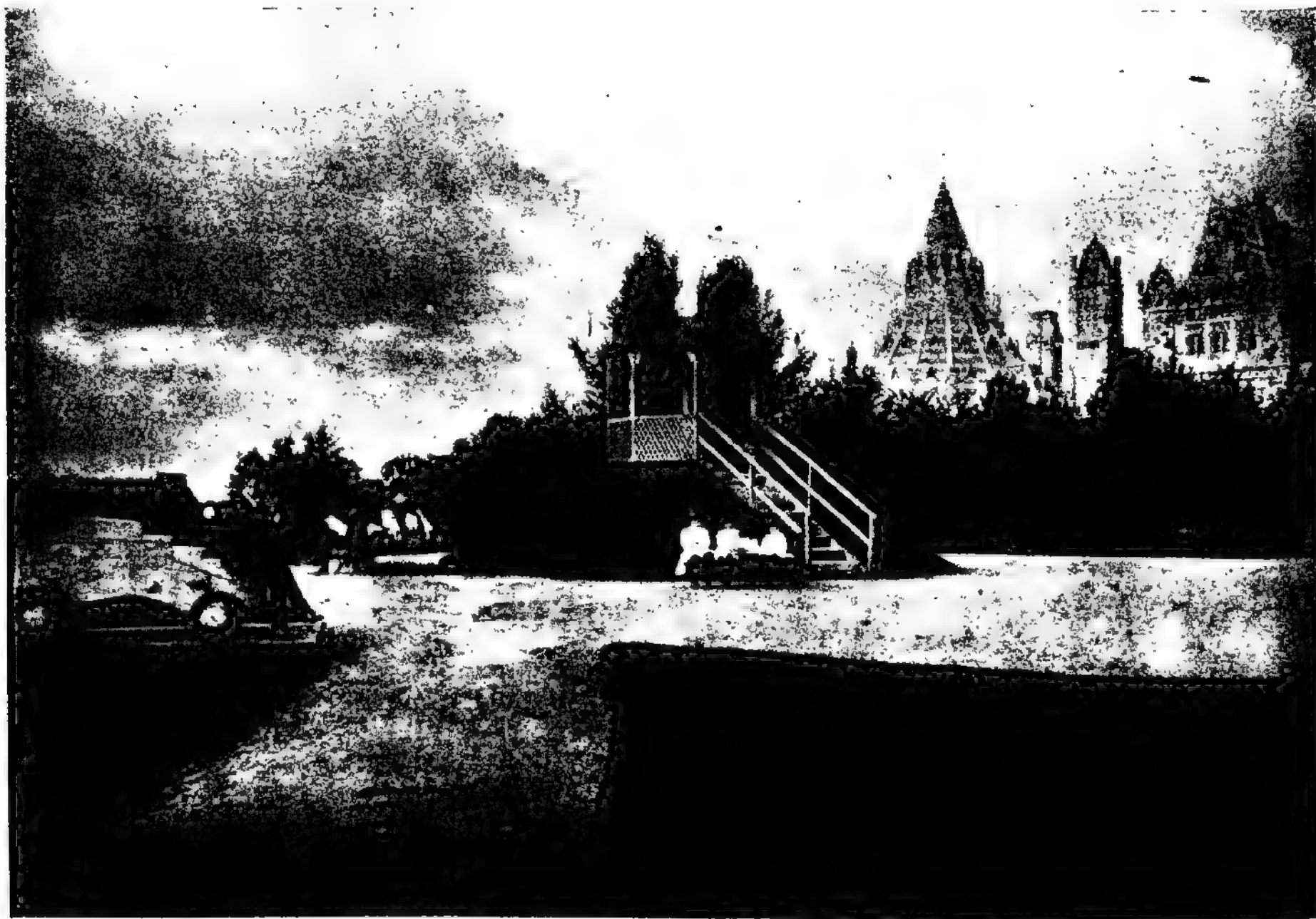
In London.

A curious association has been formed in Kentish Town, a suburb of London, and is called "The Neighbourhood Guild," for the promotion of social intercourse among the inhabitants of that northern suburb. It is strictly non-political, and free from religious bias, and one of its aims is to provide its members with rational amusement, and to put them in the way of helping and benefiting each other. Its operations comprise the organization of entertainments to suit all tastes, lectures on scientific and literary subject, concerts, games, debates and dancing. There is a circulating library, with reading-room, and it is contemplated to establish a co-operative store, a benefit club, a "savings society," and a country or seaside residence. There are five clubs in connection with the institution, for young men, young women, adults of both sexes, little girls and little boys, and the motto adopted is, "Order is our basis, improvement our aim, and friendship our principle."

MR. O'BULL ON THE WEATHER.—"Indeed, this has been a quare season inirely!" observed Mr. O'Bull the other day. "All the loine weather has been pouring wet, and now the summer has gone without ever coming at all!" —*Funny Folks.*

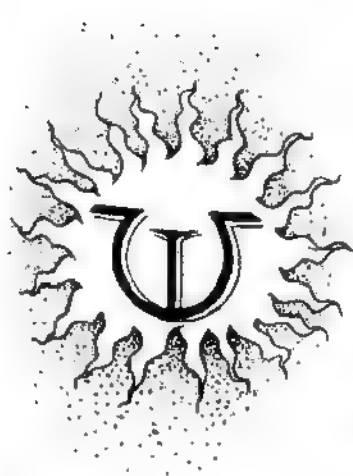


CAPE SPLIT (BAY OF FUNDY).



SCENE ON THE PARLIAMENT GROUNDS OTTAWA.

OUR FIRST BALL.



We were young at the time—oh, so young.

Then the hard hand of time had not rubbed the raven locks from our manly brow.

We had not learnt how 'the dust of a dusty to-day is the dust of a dusty to-morrow.'

It came about in this way.

We belonged to a dancing academy at

the time, and, in the guileless innocence of our heart, we had, by the power of bright eyes and pearly teeth, taken a double ticket for a ball.

Among the ladies and gentlemen of the academy we had acquired considerable notoriety as one of the greatest dancing failures on record.

This will explain much. Yet there it was in full gold print. Mr. Simpkins and lady. Carriages at 3!

Ye gods and goddesses! What visions therein of prancing greys—glittering harness—bowing and scraping Jeames's and magnificent turnouts!

Aye! let the sombre hued background of musty scented cabs and cussing extortionate cabbies be never so gruesome! The roseate vision was with us—tho' it had't come to stay. But we digress—and lady. There was the rub,—who should we take? Who *could* we take? That question of the lady troubled us much and necessitated much shampoo and barbarous tribulation.

Happy thought! why not take Miss Jollyboy from the academy? She was not beautiful, *but* she had other peculiar advantages. She was built on a plan of massive grandeur, and could no doubt stand the thousand shocks that flesh is heir to—in a ballroom. We were occasionally wise in our generation.

This important matter settled we proceeded to study a little work on ball-room etiquette, and practised deportment in the solitude of our chamber till we grew to hate the sight of our clumsiness.

Then we looked up long neglected friends who might have experience in such matters, and, perchance, a dress suit.

We were ever of a taking nature, and we took all offers.

We were determined to do the thing in style, even though it cost us our little all.

'Twas in the air we breathed, the town rang with the coming event—to our inflated imagination. Bless your hearts! hadn't we read of such doings in books many a time and oft!

How well we could recall the thrill of delight as our heroine entered the ball-room and became the cynosure of all eyes.

How we were wont to beam with pride as an un-teen sharer in her triumphs!

How the conservatory scene used to raise the green-eyed monster in our youthful bosom, as *he*, the masher Dook, bent tenderly o'er her and urged her to fly and be *his*—his alone!

And our hair stood on end lest she should consent, and we were powerless to warn her that *he* was married and the father of a large neglected family!

How we sighed with relief when footsteps were heard ap;roac ing and the villain's foul plot frustrated.

We remember them well—those same old footsteps; we used to listen anxiously for them whenever the plot grew strained. And now, at last, we, even our humble self, were to do, to see, to mingle amid such glittering scenes.

The eventful night arrived at last, and we proceeded to dress. This was to be our first appearance in a full dress suit, and we were nervous.

We felt sure of this as we surveyed the mingled skin and hair we had taken off our chin with a jagged razor.

Our new dress shirt reposed pure and peaceful in its box on the bed.

O! that shirt; that horrible three-cornered cut-throat! To think of it thrills our spine to this day.

'Twas the cruellest, cardboardest shirt that was ever built. Quite innocent and pure it looked too, in its box, but when disturbed it assumed a personality all its own, and became thenceforth our deadliest foe.

But we set our teeth and swore to conquer or die—perhaps both. We shut the door and stood *him* on the bed.

Then we eyed *him*; he remained calm. Such was the hateful hypocrisy of the wretch.

We tried a conciliatory movement thro' the base, but he nearly forced the crown of our heads down to our waist, and fairly crackled with laughter at the bare thought of our overcoming him so easily.

Then we clutched him by the collar and shook him to show him we were in earnest.

We fancied he stiffened a little and rustled a laugh of derision.

Then we stripped and cavorted around him and took him in the rear, but he was ready and cut us a cowardly cut under the left ear.

We let him alone till we applied stamp paper to the wound.

His end was near.

We waited our opportunity and sprang upon him with irresistible fury.

There was a confused mixture of legs and arms, a steady flow of sultry language, a smell of brimstone, and we were standing *inside* that shirt; a smile of complacency overspread our mobile but battered countenance, but he wore wrinkles all the night and gave us spiteful digs out of sheer cussedness.

Time rolled on; we were considerably shaken by the recent struggle; the fair one would be waiting. Horrible thought; did fair one ever wait before—or since?

No time to answer conundrums. Jumped into dress suit; found pants dreadfully small; make mental note to be careful when stooping; tie on dress necktie in hangman's knot under left ear, and rush madly through crowd of sisters with pins and advice.

Find cabman asleep on his box and waken him violently.

Says "e is alfred dry."

Promise him oceans of beer if he gets there on time.

Cabby drives furiously, and is pulled up half way by wakeful policeman.

Name and address taken.

Arrive at fair one's house; horse blown, driver swearing horribly, and ourself bathed in perspiration through agony of mind and swaying of cab.

Entreat driver to disguise himself in sobriety till we reach end of journey.

Find fair one is "not half ready yet." Sit down in parlour and reckon up cost of cab per hour.

Fair one's mamma comes to entertain us.

Will insist upon assuming role of future mother-in-law to ourself.

Horrible thought! Have wild visions of breach of promise case with ourself in dock!

Diversion caused by entrance of big-eyed youngster who stares at our person in silent awe.

Secretly give infant 6d. for interrupting tête-à-tête.

An aroma of perfumery and entrance of fair one gorgeously arrayed.

Cabby comes in with awful thirst and is refreshed with ale.

We set off.

Looks horribly like a cheap wedding, but don't say so. Admiring crowd cheers and throws dirt

and things. Find afterwards that cabby had stuck large faded bouquet in his hat.

And so at last we arrive at our destination, bumped and jolted out of all original semblance.

Dismiss cabby with large portion of our private fortune, with air of Lord, inwardly reflecting on future courses of cheap dinners, etc., to make up for lavish expenditure.

We adjourn to gentleman's room for repairs.

Have necktie readjusted by knowing friend with large borrowed diamond.

Take liquid refreshment from friend's flask, and feel brave.

Play skittles with herd of inane individuals of female persuasion, and manage to secure our particular fair one and ascend grand staircase.

Horrors! Forgotten ticket!

Square door-keeper with remainder of private fortune.

What a sight met our gaze and filled our head with rapturous intoxication!

What harmony of colour; what delicate perfumes; what ravishing music!

Ah! but it *was* intoxicating to our unsophisticated youth. Am reminded by admonitious dig from Fair One.

Lead her to seat and go ask man what to do next.

Man says fill girl's programme.

On way back to fair one feel dreadful temptation to smack large red back with white bosom, belonging to stout lady; shall do something awful ere this is over,—feel it coming on.

Toe the mark with fair one in set of Lancers

Keep a figure ahead all thro' and come in easy winners amid thick language from all damaged ones in set.

Feel scorn of Fair One scorching us up and get hot.

Assured her waltzing was more our forte.

Next dance *was* a waltz, and we had to go thro' it with 15 stone of fat woman hanging to our neck.

Used said weight as buffer and did terrible execution.

Some feeble efforts made to stand against us, but of no avail.

Field covered with disabled ones,—looks like ravages of steam roller.

Hear people asking who *we* are.

Get hotter and melt dress-shirt, which is slowly but surely transforming into a wet necktie.

Want badly to retire into wilderness and howl.

The maze thickens; we become dazed with the whirling swirl of the dancers,—suddenly a screaming chorus and something falls with a sickening thud.

It is a human body.

Our body.

Find this is so after being discovered by exploring party, who have just in time removed a mass of clothes and female from our flattened figure.

Collect remains and adjourn to examine our self.

Meet man in lobby; says champagne only thing to dance on.

Champagne capital stuff; feel like giant refreshed.

Forget all about pants and take fair one to supper.

Take champagne with knowing friend and smoke big cigar.

Begin to enjoy ball immensely.

Ball-room seems more crowded after interval; overcome by heat and sit beside pretty girl in blue, and tell her family history. Fall badly in love with her and request pleasure of waltz.

Found we could waltz splendidly *now*, and got along like dream of bliss till we suddenly and violently met a post that was wandering loose around the room.

Pick girl in blue off floor and sit down to wait till room stops going round.

Tell pretty girl, in spite of appearances, she is queen of my heart to night.

Pretty girl laughs hard and regrets,—already married!

Go in despair to seek original fair one, but not to be found.

Found afterwards she'd gone home with friend in my cab.

Finish last of special brand with knowing friend and walk home together.

Find man's legs not steady and assist him.

Man objects and we argue point till policeman stops us and invites us to call and see him in the morning.

* * * * *

Saw doctor in morning.

Said we had had attack of swelled head and must lie low.

Resolve to do so.

Resolution confirmed after we had paid fine for insulting policeman and damages to dress suit.

So ended our first ball, and here is the moral which adorns my tale :

"Beware of gooseberry wine."

POINTS.

BY ACUS.

To point a moral and adorn a tale!

—Johnson: *Vanity of Human Wishes.*



EVERYONE whom I have heard speak of Rudyard Kipling's "Light that Failed," has spoken of it in terms of admiration. It is fair to assume that the majority of its readers enjoyed it. For my part I am quite certain that I did. The professional critics have pronounced that book a failure. Now the question arises, who are best qualified to determine that point,—the professional critics, or the great world of lay critics who are satisfied to be pleased with a book without exactly knowing why and without applying technical standards? The decision should fall, I think, in favour of the latter. If a book is popular, it is successful. That "The Light that Failed" is destined to become more and more widely popular, I firmly believe. It excels in incident, description, dialogue, wit, pathos, insight and learning; there is a gem on every page. Those who may have been dissuaded from reading this book by unsympathetic criticisms, do not know what pleasure they miss.

* * *

Doubt is sometimes expressed as to whether Macaulay really experienced all the emotions he expressed in that fine peroration of his famous essay on Milton. The charge of sacrificing truth for style has been frequently brought against Washington Irving, and it is doubtless to some extent true of Macaulay also. To some minds this fact tends to take away the charm of his writings; but if I may speak for myself, I think nothing can take away from the charm of Macaulay's masterly prose. And while it is true that an author for the sake of a figure of speech or the rounding of a paragraph may incline to sacrifice truth for style here and there, yet the general impression left after reading him may be correct. This is precisely the case, I think, with Macaulay; who is quoted as an authority upon every subject he ever touched. And Dickens once pointed out that our memories are so poor that what may seem an exaggeration at the time, will seem about correct when we have half forgotten it. Besides, it is a bad thing to have too much confidence in any author; it weakens individual judgment. Reserve to yourself the right of deciding as to what is correct; and do not be pumped into, in spite of yourself, by any author. No author is infallible. It is a question whether it is possible to idealize any subject without sacrificing something of the strict truth of the matter,—the plain, unvarnished fact, as they say. If an artist had witnessed the Crucifixion, he would probably have put more colour into his picture than was actually present. So in poetry, and throughout all art. It may be confidently asserted that there never was a classic author who did not, in figures of speech or in one way or another, sacrifice the strict truth for literary style, at all events to some extent.

* * *

Is it not possible that all this craze for "realism" in recent literature may be a little overdone? Realism being opposed to idealism, the question is as to the proportions which should be assigned to them respectively by the author. It is true that art, as Shakespeare puts it, "should hold the mirror up to nature,"—but even the mirror shows brighter than nature, reflecting through crystal. The mirror adds the touch of idealism. Realism in itself is not sufficient to satisfy us. Realism consistently carried out would hardly be interesting. The real with most of us is not exactly highly interesting. Made a standard, realism alone tends to the cultivation of commonplace; as numerous recent novels abundantly show. Let us have realism by all means; but let the mirror of art always add its finishing touches of idealism.

INDIANS DECORATED WITH ROYAL HUMANE SOCIETY MEDALS.

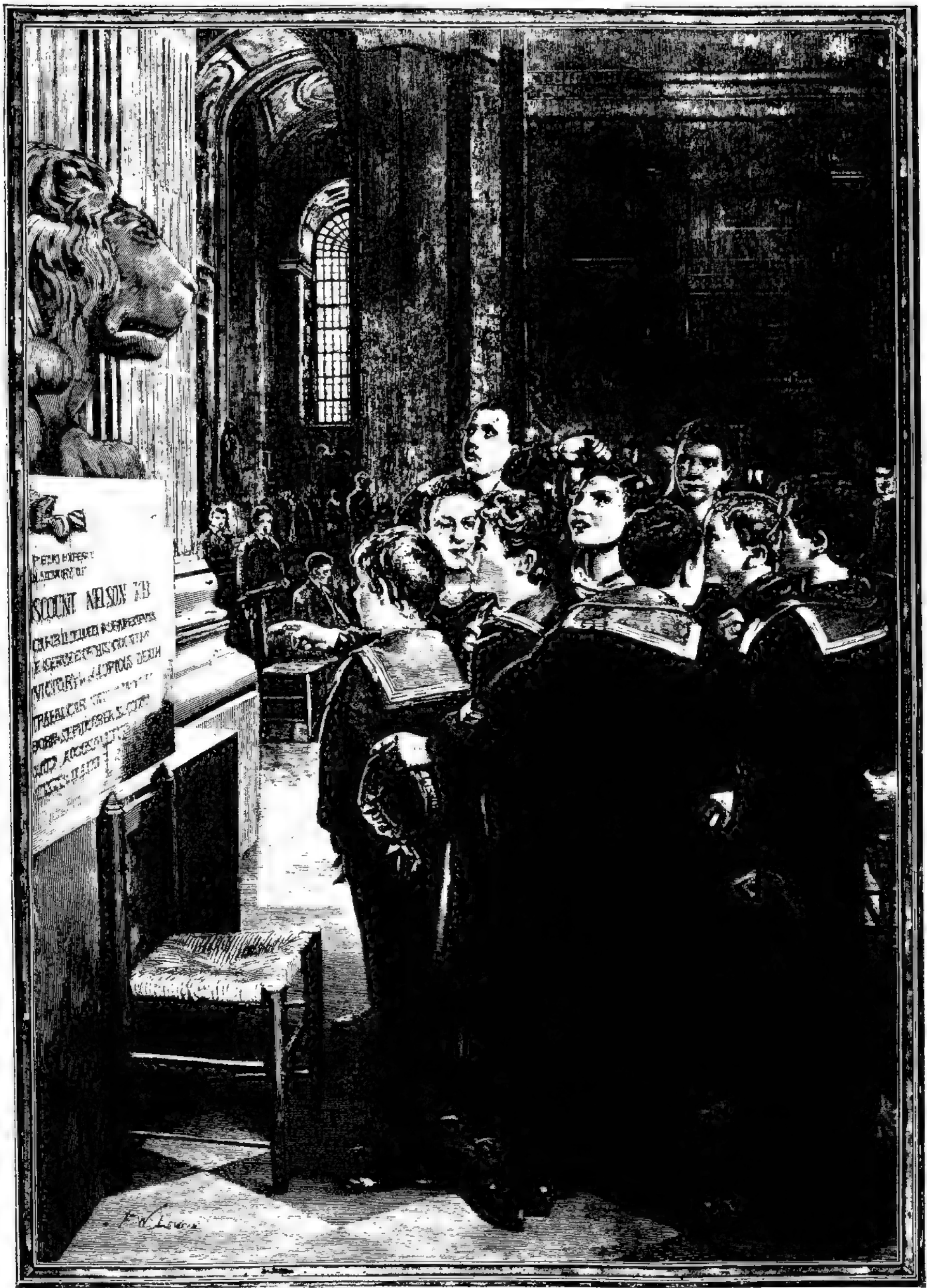
On the 14th of March, 1890, Mr. James Jackson, of Orillia, broke through the ice at the Narrows, between lakes Simcoe and Couchiching. Three white men, who were fishing nearby, ran off when they heard his cries, but two Rama Indians—John Wesley and Charles Nanaguishkong—were fishing at some distance away, and hurried up to his assistance. They found the ice over the channel very frail, and went into the bush and obtained poles and two boards. By laying these on the ice and pushing one ahead of the other, they approached within the length of a spear of the drowning man. Mr. Jackson was now too exhausted to pull himself out by the spear, so the Indians caught it in his coat at the shoulder, but the cloth would not hold, so they told Mr. Jackson to grasp the spear, which he did. They then pulled him out, his cramped fingers retaining their hold until forced open, though he lost consciousness before he could be drawn to the boards. Mayor Slaven, of Orillia, reported this courageous action to the Royal Humane Society, who granted a medal to each of the Indians. On the 29th of January, 1891, the Rama Indians held their annual feast, on this occasion provided gratuitously through the generosity of Mr. C. W. Myers, merchant of Atherley, and Mr. D. J. McPhee, their government agent. Though there were a number of white men on the platform, the Orillia *Packet* says there were no lines of fashionable etiquette drawn by the feasters. Everyone went in for enjoyment and got it. Miss Taylor, daughter of the Methodist missionary stationed on the reserve, by her grace and tact did much to promote the general pleasure. Several pale-faced visitors made appropriate remarks, but the chief incident of the evening was the presentation of the bronze medals of the Royal Humane

Society by ex-Mayor Slaven, of Orillia, to the two Indians who rescued Mr. Jackson. After Mr. Slaven had described the brave deed and also the tedious correspondence necessary to assure the Royal Humane Society that an action worthy of their justly coveted decoration had been performed, Mr. Slater, of Orillia, who had previously obtained similar distinction through the same gentleman's efforts, pinned the medals on the breast of the recipients. The old Indian Chief, John Benson Nanaguishkong, uncle of Charles Nanaguishkong, one of the young men decorated, asked leave to confer upon the ex-Mayor an Indian title,—Nawh-wah-quah-kee-zig-agemah, "the noon day chief"—noon being the hour he and his party had been expected to arrive. The other white man in the picture, Mr. Thomas Goffatt, the popular and efficient postmaster of Orillia, was present by special request owing to his long connection with the Indians as a fur trader for the Hudson's Bay Company and other well known dealers, and also as one who had taken a keen interest in the red men, their language, history and present day prosperity. Mr. Goffatt gave employment last year to members of the Rama band to the extent of several thousand dollars in gathering ginseng root alone. The picture below is from a photograph by Mr. G. E. Whiten of Orillia.

The census recently taken states that the city of Vienna contains 1,380,917 inhabitants, or an increase of 251,778 as compared with ten years ago.



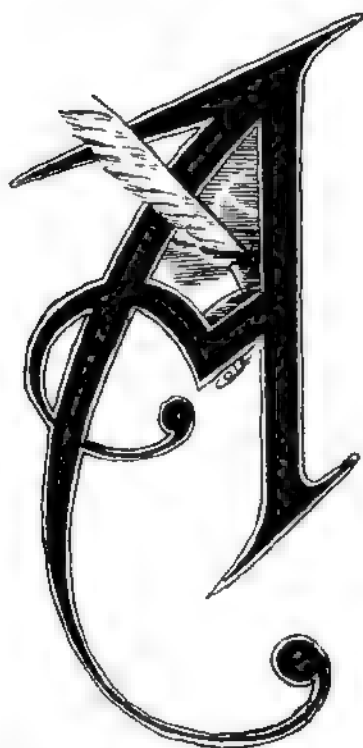
CHARLES NANAGUISHKONG. EX-MAYOR SLAVEN. THOMAS GOFFATT. CHIEF BENSON. JOHN WESLEY.
NANAGUISHKONG AND WESLEY, THE TWO INDIANS WHO RESCUED JAMES JACKSON AT THE NARROWS IN LAKE COUCHICHING.



A SCENE BEFORE NELSON'S MONUMENT IN ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.
THE LION'S CUBS.

NEW BRUNSWICK AUTHORSHIP.

PART II.



AMONG Canadian poets one of the finest and yet one of the most retiring (whose fame has gone abroad in spite of himself) is William Bliss Carman. He is a son of William Carman and Sophia May Bliss, and his maternal descent makes him a cousin of Roberts and Straton and a descendant of Emerson stock. His father was a barrister by profession, and for a period sat in the New Brunswick legislature as member for the County of Northumberland. He also held the appointment of Clerk of the Pleas and Clerk in Equity of the Supreme Court of New Brunswick.

Bliss Carman was born at Fredericton, that Celestial city, on the 5th of April, 1861. He spent the days of his boyhood amid the groves and fields surrounding his native town, and, in his birch canoe, gliding o'er the waters of the St. John,—a fit place to nourish poetic sentiment. He attended the Collegiate school, then under the supervision of Mr. George R. Parkin, and "to him, that high-hearted man," Mr. Carman writes, "I owe my education, such as it is." He then matriculated to the University of New Brunswick, and, after a successful course, graduated in 1881. Three years after he received the degree of M.A.

He engaged in a variety of literary work, and for a period taught school, until his appointment, in 1890, to the literary chair in the editorial rooms of the *New York Independent*. Mr. Carman has never published any volumes of his poems,—a fact to be regretted, and one which, it is hoped, will soon be a thing of the past. He has gotten out a number of pamphlets and leaflets for private distribution, and has been a valued contributor to such leading magazines as the *Atlantic Monthly*, *Century* and the *London Athenaeum*. His poems have appeared also in "Songs of the Great Dominion" and Sladen's "Younger American Poets."

Some critics are inclined to call Carman the laureate, notably Roberts himself. We hardly think, though, that he is entitled to this honour, not however because of any want of excellence in his poems. The laureate must be a Canadian poet in subject, sentiment and style. Carman may be considered in some respects a Canadian poet. All through his work may be seen the touches of bright fancy, the brilliant word pairing, the reflection of Canadian scenery that proclaim him a poet of his fatherland. But there is in his verse a predominating element of the Norse. The gloomy grandeur of the mountains and fiords of the north are seen there. There is a loftier imagination, a weird mystery not seen in Canadian song. Other characteristics of his style are strength and profusion of diction, wealth of imagery and a striking originality. "The Wraith of the Red Swan" and "The Kelpie Riders" are among the most original poems in American verse. They are of those poems that have to be read many times to be appreciated, so subtle is their interpretation of nature. They are strangely and daringly conceived and wrought out, and may be numbered among the few finer poems in Canadian anthology.

One form of national verse which Carman cultivates is the canoe song. Canada is pre-eminent in water and ice sports, and she has produced quite a literature of boat and

canoe songs and skating and carnival odes. This is, of course, due to the abundance of her great lakes and rivers. Carman was fond of his canoe, and spent much time in his birch roving amid the islands that stud the river with gems just above Fredericton. He is like every Fredericton youth in this respect. A young man there who cannot handle a canoe is poor indeed, and if he owns one it is his best possession. "Celestial" and "canoeist" are, in fact, almost synonymous terms. In "The Wraith of the Red Swan" is pictured every element that enters into this sport. The Red Swan is the author's favourite canoe, so named from the phenomenal rosiness of its bark. The star studded heaven, the peaceful sweep of unrippled water, the luxuriance of the banks are seen in this poem.

Through many an evening gone,
When the roses drank the breeze,
When the pale slow moon outshone
Through the slanting trees,
I dreamed of the long Red Swan.

Look! Burnished and blue, what a sweep
Of river outwinds in the sun;
What miles of shimmering deep,



BLISS CARMAN.

When the hills grow one
With their shadow of summer and sleep!

I gaze from the cedar shade
Day long, high over the beach,
And never a ripple is laid
To the long blue reach,
Where faded the gleam of that blade,
The far gold flash of his blade.

I follow and dream and recall,
Forget and remember and dream;
When the interval grass waves tall,
I move in the gleam
Where his blade-beats glitter and fall.

Yet never my dream gets clear
Of the whispering bodeful spell
The aspen shudders to hear,
Yet hurries to tell,—

How the long Red Swan draws near,
How the long Red Swan draws near.

How glad of their river once more
Would the crimson wings unfurl,
And the long Red Swan, on the roar
Of a whitecap swirl,
Steer in to the arms of her shore!

But the wind is the voice of a dirge!
What wonder allures him, what care,
So far on the world's bleak verge?
Why lingers he there,
By the sea and the desolate surge,
In the sound of the moan of the surge?

But now another element enters into the song. The wild, rugged beauty of Norselands; the rush and roar of angry waters; the stern, sombre cliffs, overlooking dark fiords; the white sail, enveloped in deep mist, careering through the billows,—the same majesty that inspired Longfellow's *Hiawatha*,—this inspires his verses, the spirit of the North pervades them.

Last midnight the thunder rode
With the lightning astride of the storm,
Low down in the east, where glowed
The fright of his form
On the ocean wild rack he bestrode.

The hills were his ocean wan,
And the white tree tops foamed high,
Lashed out of the night, whereon
In a gust fled by

A wraith of the long Red Swan,
A wraith of the long Red Swan.

Her crimson bellying sail
Was flickered with brine and spume;
Its taut wet clew, through the veil
Of the driving fume,
Was sheeted home on the gale.

Reading such poems as this, the thought suggests itself that the canoe is responsible for some of the finest poetry of our land. It carries the poet close to nature where he can feel her influence more and drink deeper of the inspiration she offers.

Among Carman's purely Canadian poems are "Low Tide on Grand Pre," "In Apple Time," "Carnation in Winter," "In Lyric Season" and "A Wind-flower." The last we quote:

Between the roadside and the wood,
Between the dawning and the dew,
A tiny flower before the sun,
Ephemeral in time I grew.

And there upon the trail of spring,
Not death, nor love, nor any name
Known among men in all their lands,
Could blur the wild desire with shame.

But down my dayspan of the year
The feet of straying winds came by;
And all my trembling soul was thrilled
To follow one lost mountain cry.

And then my heart beat once and broke
To hear the sweeping rain forbode
Some ruin in the April world
Between the woodside and the road.

To night can bring no healing now,
The calm of yesternight is gone;
Surely the wind is but the wind
And I a broken waif thereon.

Among his Norse poems are "The Wraith of the Red Swan," "First Croak," "A Sailor's Wedding," "The Last Watch," and "The Kelpie Riders."

Probably the most original of Mr. Carman's poems is "The Kelpie Riders," a poem that has not yet been published, except for private distribution. It was kindly sent to the reviewer by the author with permission to make what use he wished of it in the way of selection. It is quite long, and only part of it is reproduced. It is, however, a truly great poem.

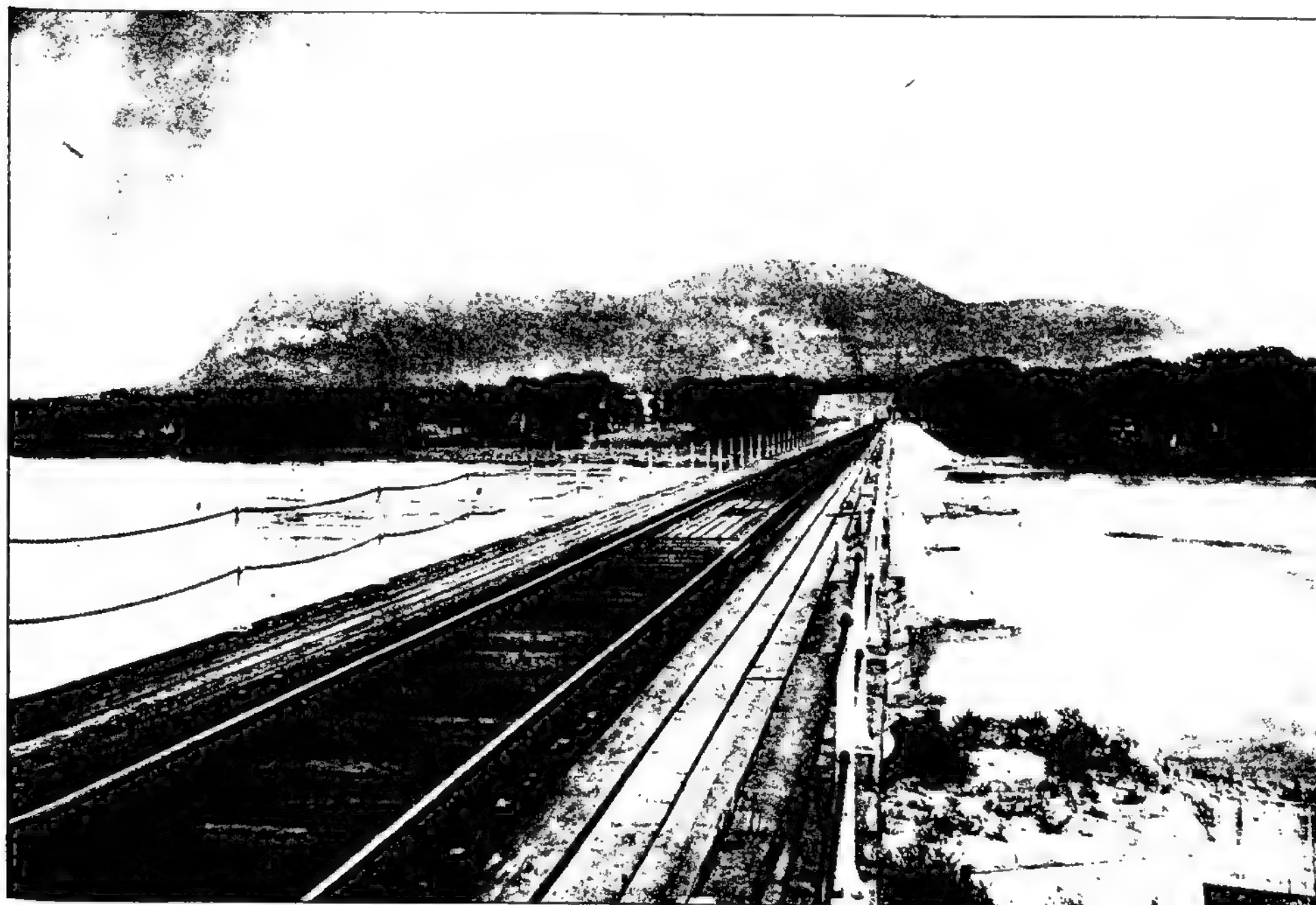
THE KELPIE RIDERS.

Buried alive in calm Rochelle,
Six in a row by a crystal well,

All Summer long on Bareau Fen
Slumber and sleep the Kelpie men;

By the side of each to cheer his ghost,
A flagon of foam with a crumpet of frost.

Hear me, friends, for the years are fleet;
Soon I leave the noise and the street



BELCEIL MOUNTAIN, P.Q. FROM THE G. T. R. BRIDGE.

For the silent uncompanioned way
Where the inn is cold and the night is gray.

But noon is warm and the world is still
Where the Kelpie riders have their will.

For never a wind dare stir or stray
Over those marshes salt and gray ;

No bit of shade as big as your hand
To traverse or trammel the sleeping land,

Save where a dozen poplars fleck
The long gray grass and the well's blue beck.

Yet you mark their leaves are blanched and sear,
Whispering daft at a nameless fear.

While round the hole of one is a rune,
Black in the wash of the bleaching noon.

"Ride, for the wind is awake and away.
Sleep, for the harvest grain is gray."

No word more. And many a mile,
A ghostly bivouac rank and file,

They sleep to-day on the marshes wide ;
Some far night they will wake and ride.

Once they were riders hot with speed,
"Kelpie, Kelpie, gallop at need!"

With hills of the barren sea to roam,
Housing their horses on the foam.

But earth is cool and the hush is long
Beneath the lull of the slumber song,

The crickets falter and strive to tell
To the dragon-fly of the crystal well ;

And love is a forgotten jest,
Where the Kelpie riders take their rest,

And blossoming grasses hour by hour
Burn in the bud and freeze in the flower.

But never again shall their roving be
On the shifting hills of the tumbling sea,

With the salt, and the rain, and the glad desire
Strong as the wind and pure as fire.

One doomful night in the April tide
With riot of brooks on the mountain side,

The goblin maidens of the hills
Went forth to the revel-call of the rills.

Many as leaves of the falling year,
To the swing of a ballad wild and clear

They held the plain and the uplands high ;
And the merry-dancers held the sky.

The Kelpie riders abroad on the sea
Caught sound of that call of eerie glee,

Over their prairie waste and wan ;
And the goblin maidens tolled them on.

The yellow eyes and the raven hair
And the tawny arms blown fresh and bare,

Were more than a mortal might behold
And live with the saints for a crown of gold.

The Kelpie riders were stricken sore ;
They wavered, and wheeled, and rode for the shore,

"Ke pie, Kelpie, treble your stride !
Never again on the sea we ride.

"Kelpie, Kelpie, out of the storm ;
On for the fields of earth are warm !"

Knee to knee they are riding in :
"Brother, brother,—the goblin kin !"

The meadows rocked as they clomb the scaur ;
The pines re-echo forevermore

The sound of the host of Kelpie men ;
But the windflowers died on Bareau Fen.

Over the marshes all night long
The stars went round to a riding song :

"Kelpie, Kelpie, carry us through !"
And the goblin maidens danced thereto.

Till dawn,—and the revel died with a shout,
For the ocean riders were wearied out.

They looked, and the grass was warm and soft ;
The dreamy clouds went over aloft ;

A gloom of pines on the weather verge
Had the lulling sound of their own white surge ;

A whip-poor-will, far from their din,
Was saying his litanies therein.

Then voices neither loud nor deep :
"Tired, so tired ; sleep ! ah, sleep !

"The stars are calm, and the earth is warm,
But the sea for an earldom is given to storm.

"Come now, inherit the houses of doom ;
Your fields of the sun shall be harried of gloom."

They laid them down ; but over long
They rest,—for the goblin maids are strong.

The sun goes round ; and Bareau Fen
Is a door of earth on the Kelpie men,—

Buried at dawn, asleep, unslain,
With not a mound on the sunny plain,

Hard by the walls of calm Rochelle,
Row on row by the crystal well.

And never again they are free to ride
Through all the years on the tossing tide,

Barred from the breast of the barren foam,
Where the heart within them is yearning home,—

For one long drench of the surf to quell
The cursing doom of the goblin spell.

Only, when bugling snows alight
To smother the marshes stark and white,

Or a low red moon peers over the rim
Of a winter twilight crisp and d'm,

With a sound of drift on the buried lands,
The goblin maidens loose their hands ;

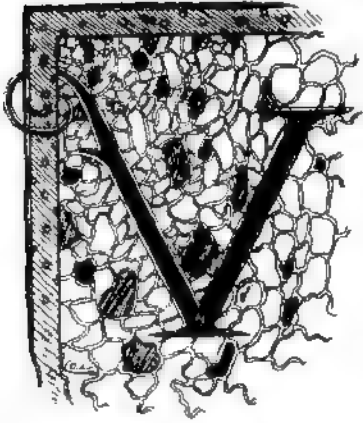
A wind comes down from the sheer blue North ;
And the Kelpie riders get them forth.

St. John, N.B.

W. G. MACFARLANE.

FRANCIS MASERES.

ATTORNEY-GENERAL OF QUEBEC, 1766-1769. CURSITOR BARON OF THE EXCHEQUER.



VERY often I have happened to speak of Francis Masères, to persons generally pretty well informed in our history, and I have been convinced that a large number, especially among the French Canadians, knew him very slightly, while the remainder were ignorant of even his name. He is, nevertheless, a man who has played an important part, and who deserves certainly to be known, for he was not wanting in ability. The idea of writing a few biographical notes on this political personage occurred to me, on receiving from England, a short time ago, his portrait, engraved in 1815, by Andinet, taken from a painting by Hayter. I was not aware of the existence of this engraving—in fact I think that the portrait is rare. Masères is, without doubt, the one who has written the most on the affairs of Canada from the time of the conquest to the adoption of the bill of Quebec in 1774. As this period is the least known in our history it becomes important to know the man more intimately. I will give, in conclusion, a few bibliographical notes on his writings concerning Canada.

Francis Masères, generally called Baron Masères, was descended from a French family which took refuge in England at the time of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. He was born on the 15th of December, 1731, in London, where his father was practising as a doctor. He received his education from the Rev. Mr. Wooddeson, at Kingston-upon-Thames, and finished his studies at the University of Cambridge, where he took his degree of B.A. in 1752, and of M.A. in 1755. He was made a lawyer a short time afterwards, but his legal career was neither brilliant nor long in England, as at the early age of thirty-three years, in 1766, he was appointed Attorney-General for the Province of Quebec. He replaced George Suckling, appointed in 1763, who had succeeded Francis Joseph Cugnet at the moment when the latter saw himself obliged to resign this post, which he had been the first to fill after the conquest, rather than take the test oaths imposed by the constitution of 1763.

As we have just seen, Francis Joseph Cugnet, adviser to the Superior Council under the French—later, secretary to Governor Carleton, had, immediately after the conquest, occupied the position of Attorney-General under Murray, who had for him, it is said, much esteem. He had also served as interpreter to Amherst in his parleying with Vaudreuil and Levis at Montreal, at the occasion of the cession of Canada in 1760.

Suckling, the second Attorney-General, whom Masères was called to replace, gave in his resignation the 6th of March, 1766. On the 24th of September of the same year Masères presented his mandamus to the Council of Quebec, and the following day took the oath of office. All the time that Masères was Attorney-General at Quebec, from 1766 to 1769, he always shewed himself to be the implacable enemy of the newly conquered Canadian people, and especially the bitter enemy of the Catholics, whom he despised with all his heart. One is surprised to meet with so much fanaticism in a man learned as he was, for we must mention that besides his talents as a writer, Masères was a mathematician of great renown. The first work which he had printed in 1758, treated of mathematics, and bore as a title, "A dissertation on the negative sign in Algebra." The most important matter with which Masères was connected during the three years that he lived in Quebec was the famous law-suit of Walker, of Montreal.

As Attorney-General he represented the crown in the cause, which at that time made so much noise, and which Masères relates with many details in his volume, bearing as title, "Additional Papers," published in 1776. Apart from his first "Plan of act of Parliament", which he had printed in London before leaving for Canada in 1766, all his writings concerning Canada were not published until after his return to England, which took place late in the autumn of 1769, although it seems very probable that the greater part of his studies were prepared during his stay in Quebec. Thus his public work in 1772, having as a title, "Plan of a General Assembly of the Freeholders of the Province of Quebec," was written at Quebec in 1767, as is indicated by a note written by Masères himself, in a copy of this pamphlet which I have met with. In this work he suggests the establishment of a House of Assembly, of which all the lords of the province shall be members, with an equal number of free holders, that is to say that a peasant shall be elected by the free-holders of each seignior to represent the interest of these in the House of Assembly. He proposed also to give to the cities of Quebec and Montreal the right to elect each two representatives and to Three Rivers one, to further in this assembly



FRANCIS MASÈRES, M.A., F.R.S., F.S.A.
CURSITOR BARON OF THE EXCHEQUER.

the commercial interests of Canada. He calculates that by this manner of election the representation will be composed of about two hundred and sixty members. The assembly will meet every year at a fixed time. Notwithstanding his animosity against the Catholics he cannot avoid recommending in this scheme that the famous test oath should no longer be exacted from Catholics, and that another should be substituted which would be less offensive.

Among the political writings on Canada which Masères published during the years 1772 and 1773 were found two projects of acts of parliament which made some noise. They all had the same title, but were written at different periods. The first was printed in 1772, and the second in 1773. The title reads as follows: "Draught of an act of parliament for settling the laws of the Province of Quebec."

From the year 1763 the English laws were put in force, instead of the ancient French laws which governed this province before the conquest. There were continually complaints on the part of Canadians who found themselves

molested. The English Government, desiring to give a reason as to what gave occasion for these complaints, sent to Quebec, about 1773, one of the under-secretaries of state, of the name of Morgan, to make a collection of all the French laws which ruled the country under French sway,—a task which Morgan accomplished, it is said, with the greatest fidelity. Instructions were at the same time sent to the Governor, to the Chief Judge and the Attorney-General, to give all the assistance possible to Mr. Morgan, and charged each of them to supply the English Government with their personal opinion, as well as with the result of their conference together on this question. The reports of these various officers, who differed obviously among themselves, were placed before the Privy Council, and from thence referred to the Board of Trade. They were then sent to the two principal officers in law (or legal officers), viz., Solicitor-General Wedderburne and Attorney-General Thurlow, with orders for each to make a report upon what was placed before them. There was in the reports of these juriconsults, as often happens among learned people, a divergence of opinion; but both agreed generally in showing much sympathy,—thus going against the ideas of Masères. It was apropos of this that Masères published his "Draught of an Act of Parliament for settling the laws of the Province of Quebec." It is to the large and liberal views contained in these reports of Thurlow and Wedderburne that we owe all the liberties granted to the Canadian Catholics by the famous Act of Quebec of 1774, which so much enraged the Tories of that time.

Francis Joseph Cugnet, mentioned before, criticised severely the plan of Masères' Act of Parliament, which tended to modify the laws of the Province of Quebec. And Masères attached so much importance to this criticism of Cugnet that he replied to it in the same year (1773) by a memorial of 159 pages (in folio), written in French, the title of which will be found further on in the list of works published by the latter. It would be interesting to make known all the theories held by Masères on the government of Quebec, but we are prevented from doing so, because that would make us depart from the outline which we are tracing. There certainly is in all his writings a great excess of zeal for England and Protestantism; and to support this opinion we have only to quote from a letter which Carleton wrote to Lord Hillsborough the 3rd of October, 1769, in which he says that he has granted a leave of absence of twelve months to Masères, but that the latter does not appear to wish to return. Here is this letter, taken from the Archives of the Dominion for 1880, by Mr. Brymner:

"Although I cannot fail to discover the strong antipathy which he felt towards the Canadians, for no reason that I am aware of—unless it be that they are Roman Catholics—I attributed many of his narrow prejudices to his want of knowledge of the world, and that he was more familiar with books than with men. I hoped that time and experience would gradually make them disappear, and that owing to his knowledge of the French language, which he speaks well, he could be useful here. I regret to have to say that I have been disappointed in my hope, and that Masères has been so indiscreet that I have thought it wise to yield to his wishes and to let him leave the province, to which I do not think he intends to return. I hope sincerely that some circumstance may occur by which a position may be given him, where his zeal, which is so fervid, will not be hurtful to the King's service."

After his return to England, Masères continued to occupy himself with the affairs of Canada. He took a very active part in the cause of Du Calvet. He contested with the greatest vigour the illegality of the imprisonment of the latter by Haldimand; it is said even that he contributed a large portion to the expenses of the law-suit which took place in this connection. At the death of Du Calvet, Masères charged himself with the education of his son, of whom nothing was heard afterwards. One would like to know, perhaps, what Roubaud thought of Masères, with whom he had much to do. In a letter to Haldimand, dated March 23rd, 1785, which was found in the archives at Ottawa, after having related a conversation which he had with him on the subject of the imprisonment of Du Calvet

he expresses himself as follows: "During the course of this important conversation, M. Masères expressed himself in a tone of vehemence and agitation, which surprised me in an Englishman. He had none of the coolness of the nation; there was vivacity; Gascon quickness; in a word, he was a hot-headed enthusiast. I am not surprised that the head of Du Calvet burns and his brain evolves anger and violence. He is at a good school, and will go far under the lessons of his master. When the English Parliament prepared the Act of Quebec in 1774, it heard the testimonies of a good number of persons, who were reputed to know the country and its wants. Among those who were interrogated were found Carleton, Chief Judge William Hey, Marriott, the Solicitor-General, M. de Lotbinière, a native of Canada, and belonging to the body of the nobility of this country—a well thinking man and proprietor of immense seigniories, next to Masères,—and finally Masères himself, who was known to have resided in Canada, and who should have acquired special knowledge on the question in point. He pretended there, among many other assertions, difficult to prove, that the Canadians would be very glad if England would not grant to the clergy the right to reclaim their tithes before tribunals, and he insisted that many Canadians had refused to pay their tithes since the conquest,—in building on the fact that Lord Amherst had refused to grant the right to deduct the reserving this question for the good pleasure of the King of England. He said also that he believed that if immediately after the conquest they had begun gradually to replace the Catholic priests, who died, by Protestant ministers, the Canadians would have been satisfied; but he did not dare say that it would be prudent to do it at that time. He alleged also that he believed that if the Protestant and Catholic religions were left on the same footing in this country, there would be more pleased than those who were displeased. If Masères occupied himself as much with the affairs of Canada after his return to England, it was that he acted as agent with the English Government on behalf of the Protestants that were in Canada, and this lasted a good many years. He had frequent communications with the chiefs of the English party, whose interests he watched; the latter kept him posted with what transpired in the country, as may be seen from the large correspondence which he makes known to us in his Quebec papers. Before him, the agent of the English party in Canada was one named Fowler Walker, a lawyer of reputation, practising in the Court of Chancery—one who did more than any other in having Murray recalled from the government of Quebec. This poor Murray had, nevertheless, but given fair play to the French Canadians during his administration. This was the same Walker who directed the movement to prevent Mgr. Briand from taking the title of Bishop of Quebec, which was at last granted to him. Masères says that he was the best informed person in the affairs of Quebec whom he had met. (Occasional essays, page 369)

The mother of Masères died on the 21st of September, 1793, aged 86, and his only brother, named John, died on the 12th of September, 1802, aged 68. His English biographers pretend that his scientific knowledge far surpassed that which he had of jurisprudence. He was considered especially strong in the mathematical sciences. I possess in my collection of autographs an interesting letter of four pages, written by Masères, dated May 4th, 1799, addressed to the Rev. John Hellins, vicar of Potter's Bury, near Stony Stratford, in Buckinghamshire. This John Hellins, to whom the letter is addressed, is well known for having made a translation of "Institutioni Analytiche" of Donna Agensi, which he published in 1802—thanks to the pecuniary sacrifices which Masères made to induce him to undertake this work. Masères contributed considerably to the progress of the literature of his time, in furnishing means of publishing important works, which, but for him, would never have seen the day. He paid, it is said, the entire cost of certain publications which he liked, without hoping for any return. Masères died the 19th of May, 1824, at the advanced age of 93 years. In his epitaph, which can be seen in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, they praise especially his integrity and his great liberality which are graciously mentioned in an elegant Latin inscription of boundless length.

Several eccentricities have been attributed to him. Thus they say that he lodged, during entire years, in his offices of the Inner Temple; and although he dined every day at Waithbone Place, his private residence, he very rarely

slept there. He was, it is said, greatly esteemed by the learned men of his time, who frequently honoured him with a visit. He wore, until his death, a three cornered hat, and the traditional pig-tail, which was used so long to render legal men imposing to the eyes of the public. Besides his writings on Canada, Masères has published not less than twenty other volumes on history, law, and mathematics. We shall only publish, in the list of his works, which we give hereafter, those which have reference to the history of Canada. We give them in the chronological order in which they have been published. Several things will be found in them which are but little known up to the present time.

1766. A sketch of an act of parliament for tolerating the Roman Catholic religion in the Province of Quebec; for encouraging and introducing the Protestant religion into the said province, and for settling the laws and augmenting the public revenue of the same. By Francis Masères, Esq., then lately appointed His Majesty's Attorney-General for the Province of Quebec, in North America. London, printed in April, 1766.

This work is the first that Masères wrote on our affairs. As may be seen by the date of his arrival in Canada, he wrote this small treatise before leaving London to come here. At the end of this pamphlet, which was re-printed in his "Occasional Essays" in 1809, he says that he prepared this plan of Act of Parliament at the request of Carleton and Chief Judge Hey, and a few copies only were printed for the information of the Marquis of Rockingham and of Mr. Dowdeswell, Secretary of State, of Charles Yorke, Attorney-General, of Mr. Grey, Solicitor General, and other persons in the employ of His Majesty who had the task of seeing about the government of Quebec. Not one copy of this act was given to the public. This work of Masères never came before the English parliament; of which Masères complained bitterly, pretending that they were afraid of clashing with the Catholics. Masères himself had no such scruples.

1767. Things necessary to be settled in the Province of Quebec, either by the King's Order in-Council, or by Act of Parliament. Without date, nor where printed, nor special title; ten pages in folio.

A very interesting document written by Masères in 1767, while he was Attorney General at Quebec, but printed under this form only at the close of the year 1772, as he says himself in a note at the end of this pamphlet.

1767. Plan of a General Assembly of the Freeholders of the Province of Quebec. Without date, nor where printed, nor special title, as the one which preceded it. The paging was continued from the precedent under the same size, and filled from the 11th to the 20th pages of this curious document, which was also prepared while Masères was Attorney-General at Quebec in the year 1767.

of the English minister, for this last document is composed of 12 pages instead of 4, as the preceding one had. The latter was re-printed in the "Quebec papers," vol. 1, page 50.

1772 (First.) Draught of an Act of Parliament for settling the laws of the Province of Quebec.

1773. (Second.) Draught, &c., like the preceding document, 1772. A collection of several commissions and other public instruments proceeding from His Majesty's royal authority, and other papers relating to the state of the Province of Quebec, in North America, since the conquest of it by the British arms in 1760. London, 1772, 311 pages in quarto.

1773. Account of the defence of a plan of Act of Parliament for the establishment of the laws of the Province of

These two works in our constitution were very probably printed by Masères so as to cause the English government to share his ideas on the kind of constitution which should be granted us. In fact one sees there a resumé of all that Masères preached at the time of the discussion of the bill of Quebec in 1774.

1772. Draught of an Act of Parliament for investing the Governor and Council of the Province of Quebec. Without an Assembly of the Freeholders of the same with a power of making laws and ordinances for the peace, welfare and good government of the said province during the space of fourteen years. 4 pages in folio, a document without date nor place of printing, but certainly printed in 1772, as is indicated by a manuscript note on a copy in my possession.

1772. Another plan of Act, bearing exactly the same title as the preceding one.

At the end of this document are found notes on the power of taxation in this province. The word second, written by the hand before the word draught, at the commencement of the title in the copy which I have in my possession, would indicate that Masères had had a second scheme printed, more complete than the first, for the information

Quebec, drawn up by Mr. Francis Masères, English lawyer, afterwards Attorney-General of His Majesty, the King of Great Britain, of the said province, against the objections of M. Francis Joseph Cugnet, Canadian gentleman, secretary of the Governor and counsel of the said province for the French language. At London. Printed at Edmund Allen's, Bolt Court, Fleet street. M.D.C.C.L.X. XIII. 159 pages in folio.

As in all the other works, Masères says in this one that he could wish with all his heart that the Canadians would adopt the Protestant religion, would learn the English language and adopt the English laws, or, at least, forget those of France. He also makes known to us who those were whom Gen. Carleton had charged to prepare the extract known by the name of "The Abstract of Gentlemen," and which was published in London in 1772. He mentions "Frs. Jos. Cugnet, the learned M. Jacrean, of the Seminary of Quebec, and the very intelligent M. Pressard, of the same seminary, and M. Des Chensand, as well as other clever persons who worked there during three years at the request of General Carleton.

1774. Quebec commissions. London, 1774, folio. During the year 1774 he inundated also the English papers with his prose against the French Canadians. It was especially the *Public Advertiser* which had the honour of publishing the first,—the letters of Junius; and the *Norwich Mercury* which had the privilege of causing his writings to be circulated.

1775. An account of the proceedings of the British and other Protestants, inhabitants of the Province of Quebec, &c. London, 1766, 510 pages in 8.

This volume, notwithstanding all the falsehoods which it contains, is of considerable importance for the history of our country, from the conquest to 1775. This volume, with the preceding one, are what historians call the "Quebec papers" of Masères.

1776. The Canadian Freeholder, in two dialogues, between an Englishman and a Frenchman settled in Canada, showing the sentiments of the bulk of the freeholders of Canada concerning the late Quebec Act, with some remarks on the Boston Charter Act, and an attempt to show the great expediency of immediately repealing both those acts of parliament, and of making some other useful regulations and concessions to His Majesty's subjects, as a ground for a reconciliation with the united colonies in America. London, vol. I., 1776; vol. II. and III., 1779. This work is a malevolent attack upon all that is French and Catholic, and an apology for England.

1809. Occasional essays, chiefly political and historical. London, 1809. 607 pages, 8vo. In this volume are found many writings on Canada, among which we shall mention a history of the Canadian nobility in 1775. There are to be found also important details on the work done by the English Government, so as to permit Mgr. Briand to go and have himself consecrated bishop in France, to be able to fill the functions of the Episcopate in Canada. Masères especially accuses Edmund Burke, private secretary of the Marquis of Rockingham, one of the men in the English cabinet at that period, of making use of all the influence which he had with his master, to grant that permission to Mgr. Briand, and even lets it be understood—while contradicting this step—that Burke had received his education in a Jesuit College in Belgium, and would not later have embraced Protestantism, but to improve his condition in the political world. This volume contains also a collection of ignoble things against the Catholic Church. Masères never could digest the bill of Quebec, the adoption of which, by the English Parliament, proved to the Protestants, whose agent he was, that all their work, for a number of years, to crush the Canadian Catholics, had been a clear loss. I should be very glad to know any other document on Canada, published by Masères, which we have omitted in this list.

PHILÉAS GAGNON.

It is said that the British Museum has not a copy of Cocker's Arithmetic. The only edition ordinarily seen is the thirty-seventh A.D. 1720. "According to Cocker" has become such a world-wide truism that it would be interesting to know where a first edition can be found. The book was the model of the Tutor's Assistant during the first quarter of the present century. He was renowned as a penman, and published fourteen copy books. Are any of these books extant?—*Bookseller*.



NINE MILE RUN, NEAR HALIFAX.



THE discovery of the remains of the blacksmith's shop near Grand Pré has brought great delight to the hearts of those romantic folks who believe the tale of the sweet and constant Evangeline to be a matter of history. There are people from whom the beauty of the charming poem would be marred, if not entirely spoiled, did they know that the imagination of the poet supplied the data for the romance; the rest of us, to whom poetry and fancy are dearer than history and fact, are contented with one most lovely idyl, and care not whether or no it has its foundation in absolute verity. To our mind the learned professor of history at Acadia College was too easily frightened out of one of his statements in his address at the late celebration at the University. In speaking of Grand Pré he remarked, that "had there been no Longfellow there would have been no Evangeline." At this a somewhat officious Doctor interposed with the correction that Grand Pré and Evangeline were historic long before Longfellow was born. Professor Jones then excused his remark on the plea of its being a *lapsus lingui*; what he had intended to say was that without Longfellow there would have been no history of Evangeline. Prof. Jones would have done better we think, to hold his ground. There is little doubt that the modest and faithful maid of Grand Pré was a creature of the poet's imagination, true to reality as may have been the scenes and situations which he describes. The discovery of the blacksmith's forge is certainly a great piece of circumstantial evidence, but even it would fail to make assurance entirely sure.

* * *

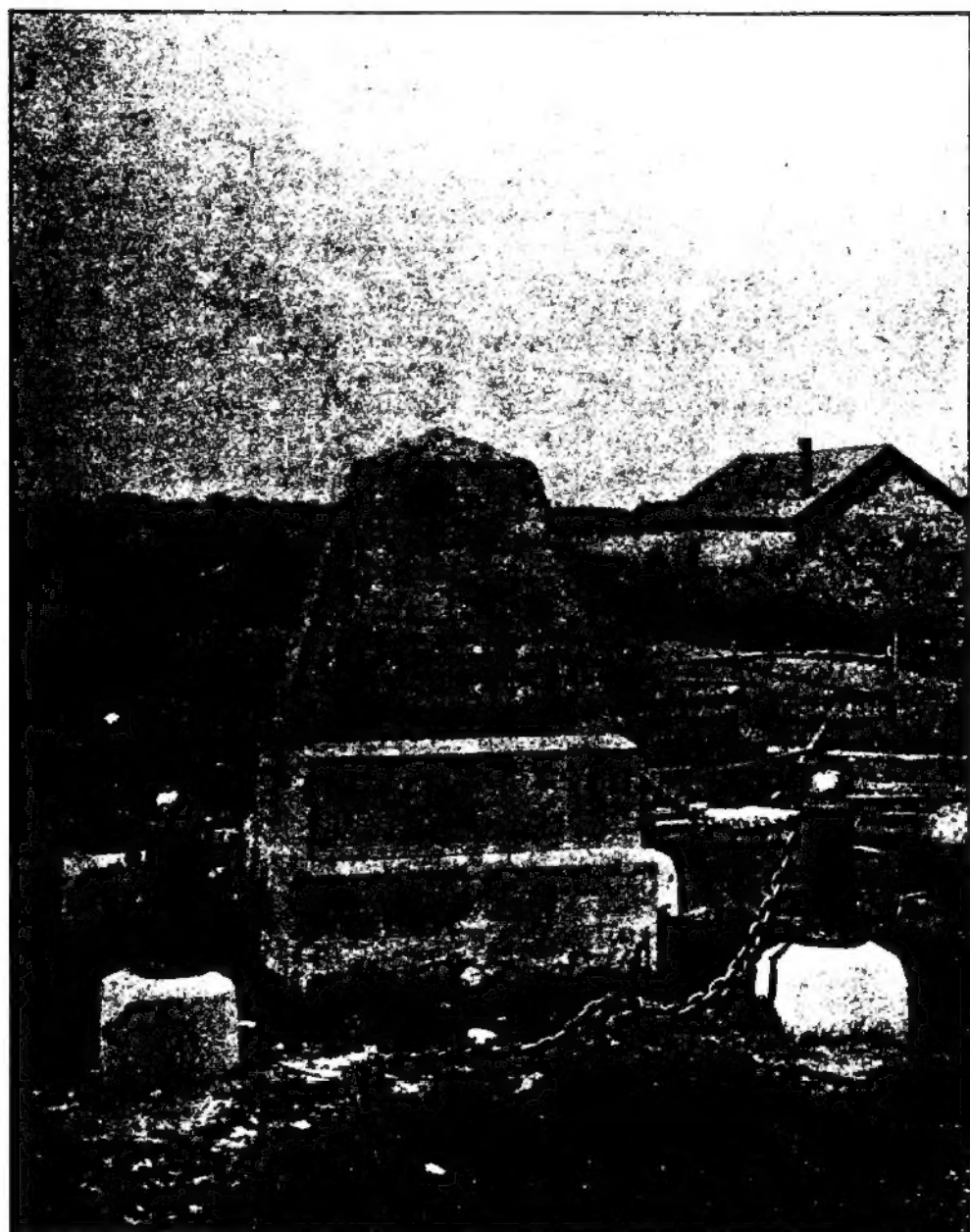
I fear that women are not a success in politics; they cannot understand some of the simplest laws of procedure that must of course be observed by officials of a party. They have some sort of an idea that a public servant should do his duty to the people, without regard to hangers-on and the understood system of give and take, which alone is at the bottom of a nation's prosperity. Women are too stupid for politics! There is a woman now who is mayor of a town in Kansas,—Kiowa, is, I believe, its

name,—who is endeavouring to do what she thinks is right in discharging the duties of her office; and thereby shows, of course, her inefficiency and want of political acumen. First of all, she cannot be made to understand why the people need saloons, so she has had them all shut up, and is as adamant to the entreaties and threats of her friends and enemies. Her husband was interviewed by a committee of the business men of the town, and begged to use his influence, but his efforts were unavailing, and the inhabitants have had to betake themselves to the springs of the

deadly fluid, water, if they would not die of thirst. A political deal, too, seems to be beyond the range of her comprehension, even when most lucrative reasons are urged. She cannot be made to understand that matters of revenue and not order and law, are what should most occupy her attention and influence her actions. Consequently, of course, Mrs. Mayoress Paxton will be requested to retire from the field of her labours, to make room for a man who understands the business, and will see his real duty more plainly. Take warning, fair friends of Canada, mix



APPROACH TO QUEENSTON BY THE ROAD FROM NIAGARA,
(BROCK'S MONUMENT IN THE DISTANCE)



STONE MARKING THE SPOT WHERE BROCK FELL, QUEENSTON HEIGHTS.

yourself not up in politics, for the affairs of your nation, and the public weal and woe are a very long way beyond your capacity of comprehension.

* * *

Our friend, Professor C. F. Fraser, of the Halifax *Critic*, principal of the school for the blind, has taken unto himself a wife, chosen from the sister province. Though our feelings are somewhat hurt that we should be left single still, in spite of our attractions and desire to please, while our clever townsman went afield to pluck the flower that will adorn his home; we cannot but appreciate the taste of the happy bridegroom, and wish him and her who was Miss Hunter every joy in their new life. Mr. Fraser possesses a keen business ability, and so far has made a success of every venture that he has attempted. Our best wish for him is that he may be as fortunate in his present undertaking as in his past experience.

* * *

The Halifax agents of the steamship companies say that the past summer has been the most successful one for their business since the lines have been in existence, a period of twenty-eight years. The steamer "Halifax" advertises that it has carried 683 passengers on one trip. The Boston, Halifax and Prince Edward Island Steamship line announces that they have carried an average of 543 per trip, and the Yarmouth boats have been so crowded all summer that the authorities meditated running a daily boat. Our little Nova Scotia is becoming more attractive to American tourists, it would seem; it is a pleasure to hear of the undeniable success of at least one department of our provincial commerce.

* * *

Count Howitz, of Puchau, Germany, who a short time ago paid a visit to our part of the Dominion, may be congratulated on not having to pay dear for his somewhat doubtful way of amusing himself. While sojourning in Philadelphia he met a young woman who agreed to accompany him on his travels for a time, and help him to enjoy the scenery and the adventures that might meet him on his way. At Halifax she apparently became tired of her part of the bargain, and wishing to make hay while the sun shone, demanded of him a sum of money under threats

of having him arrested for abduction, intending to leave for old haunts at her pleasure, with well filled pockets. Being somewhat ignorant of the law, the Count gave her \$500, and a promise of \$1,000 more at an early date. He was rescued from the situation, however, by a friend in whom he confided, and the young woman being informed that her plan of blackmail was about to be frustrated, returned the money and fled from her quondam admirer. Count Howitz, who is a gentleman by birth and well

known to Halifax society people, has learned a lesson and will behave more discreetly in future. These foreign ideas are not a success on this side of the water, as our friend the Count now fully understands.

* * *

The Girl's School at Windsor seems to be in a flourishing condition both financially and otherwise. The shareholders report that after making an outside allowance for preparation expenses for the coming year, there is a nice little balance to the credit of the current account of the school of \$2,362.59. This is not a bad beginning, certainly. There is a very efficient staff of teachers, and every department of the school seems to be in an eminently satisfactory condition.

* * *

Miss Grace Dean McLeod, with whose work Canadians are familiar, has lately joined the ranks of the married folk. Mr. Wycoff Rogers, of Amherst, being the happy man. We extend our congratulations to the newly-wedded pair, and trust that Mrs. Rogers may find her new surroundings an inspiration, and her new duties a stimulus, and will not allow, as other duties devolve upon her, her charming pen to remain idle.

* * *

How long will the ill-gotten gains of the some time departed Captain Kidd continue to disturb the peace of mind of credulous and avaricious individuals? Not only individuals, it seems, but our grand Legislature itself is entering into the spirit of the time. At its last session a stock company was incorporated to make a vigorous search for the treasure, which is supposed to be buried at Oak Island, Chester Bay. It is hardly to be believed that the organization of this company, and the subsequent work in digging and excavating depend for their origin and support on the feverish dreams of a fanciful man, 37 years ago,—yet such, is, I believe, the case. Mr. Charles Johnson, of Belmont, is responsible for the present excitement in this matter. On a memorable night in the annals of it is romantic person's nocturnal experiences, two men, he deposed, took him to a lonely spot on Oak Island, pointed out the place where the box of treasure was deposited, blinded his eyes and senses with a sight of the gold and jewels that lay within, and then departed, leaving him, as ghosts are wont to do, in a very unsatisfactory and exasperated state of mind. All this was some years ago, but the treasure is still supposed to be there, and if the gangs of men who are now digging for the gold find nothing for their pains but rock and earth, and tired backs, those who are paying them for the latter, and watching eagerly the overturning of the two former things, will experience a sense of disappointment, which, I can hardly imagine, can be wholly unexpected.



WINTER SCENE ON MOUNT ROYAL.



Late Autumn Jackets—Panels—Cushions.

LATE autumn jackets must be the subject of my chat this week, for wintry winds make us very sensible of the necessity of warmer outside garments. I was talking the other day to one of the first of our London French modistes, and trying to pick her clever brain for news of the coming clothing. She was on the eve of starting for Paris, but she told me that she feared as they are not becoming that long jackets would be among the newest fashions. Since her departure, I have received a confirmation of her statement in the designs forwarded to me from Paris. Here, as you see, are the long jackets, longer than those we wore in the summer, a great deal. Of

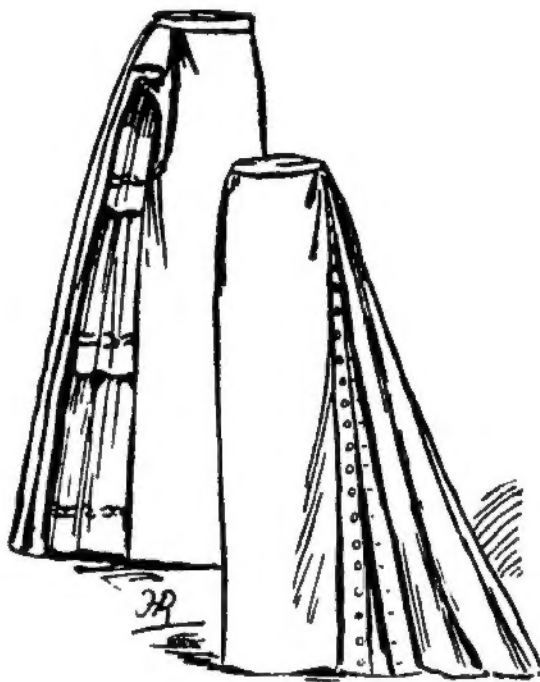


the many I have seen, I have selected two as thoroughly useful styles. The first is a costume of bluish-grey cloth, with a plain bodice underneath, and a long three-quarter's length coat over, trimmed with any fur you like. This model had dark beaver, which is so serviceable, and always looks well, but a cheaper fur would look very nicely, though, of course, not so pretty. The dark grey opossum is a thoroughly serviceable kind, and

wears extremely well. The jacket should be buttoned back with a lining of satin or silk the colour of the fur, whether brown or grey. You will please observe the kind of gauntlet cuffs as well as in those of the other figure. They are all the fashion now, and nearly all out-of-door jackets have been made with them for some time past. The second model is of a rich brown matelassé or damasked silk, or cloth, according to taste. The kind of plastron front, and the deep cuffs are made of plain brown silk, or satin, whichever you prefer. In the model it was satin, and the fur that trimmed it was dark grey. They are both very pretty coats and particularly suited to a slight, tall figure. I do not recommend them so much to short, dumpy people, as they are inclined to cut the figure across, thereby tending to detract from the height of it. Every winter sees a new way of wearing fur trimmings. Sometimes in wide, sometimes in narrow borders. This season, I think, from all I can hear, that you will find they will follow the coat style—by which I mean they will look like the lining turned outwards, in fact, what is so well known as the word, "revers."

* * *

Panels are becoming very popular in the making of skirts. We have not yet renounced the neat close-fitting sheath skirt, but as a variety we sometimes cut it open up the side, and show a panel either of braided or embroidered material, which is certainly *not* very new—or, we display a set of flounces bordered with trimming a gallon of some kind—or, what to my fancy is neater and prettier, a sort of underskirt that unbuttons nearly down its entire length, as in this illustration, the effect of which is particularly good. With such a panel the bodice would of course be treated to something



rather similar in its decoration—namely an *empiècement* or, as we should call, it a plastron (not quite correct use of the word however). But I mean a plain piece, or opening down the front of the bodice that will repeat the opening on the skirt. A great discretion should be exercised in the making of these. For stout people they should be made in long pointed fashion, so as to give length to the figure. Thin persons should have them cut square and filled in with softly draping materials, either gathered or puffed, and the edges of the dress trimmed with ruches of ribbon all round, and many bows, both on the shoulders and down the front of the bodice. But every variety of the *empiècement* is made, and so much is left to individual taste that any style is permissible.

* * *

Cushions are favourite gifts to those of our gentleman friends who possess "dens" of their own, where they may retire from the wearisomeness of their wives, the noise of their children, the gossip of their sisters, or the officious solicitude of their mothers. Here, at least, they are at peace with their pipes or cigars. Or if they are in the army or navy a cushion or two is very acceptable to fill up the hard corners of a regimental chair or cabin seat. I have lately heard a most absurd idea,

which is to make the covers for these little luxuries of the very flimsy ribbons that tie up the bundles of cigars when new, and thus to render them peculiarly appropriate to the use of smokers, because each ribbon is supposed to be marked with the brand of the cigars from which it is taken. Could anything be farther fetched? I would far rather advise my friends to make cushions of pretty patchwork, which admits of any variety of colouring and cleverness of design. If you are not sufficiently ingenious to invent patterns for yourself, you cannot do better than take some of the beautiful Moorish geometrical designs and copy them, for they lend themselves very well to patchwork. Supposing then, that you have made a really effective device in patchwork, you can still further accentuate it by working stars or sprigs—in fact, any additional fancy stitching on the edges or darker parts of the design, in gold or coloured silk threads. Never put beads on a cushion. It is a positive cruelty to the person who receives it. Cushions covered with strong good satin or velvet, very neatly embroidered with the owner's monogram initials, or monogram headed by his crest, are the nicest designs for such things. Monograms look best in two shades of the colour of the velvet, or in two shades of gold-coloured silk. Supposing you have a violet velvet cushion, you may work the letters in two paler shades of mauve, or one in a light shade of mauve, and the other (the initial of the surname), in gold. It is very much the fashion now to make cushions with wide frills to them, and for sofas they are certainly pretty, but I should not advise them for gentlemen's use as they generally dislike anything that flaps about, or can come undone, like cords, for instance. The plainer and stronger the better. A short-pleated frill of silk may be sewn in between the two edges of the back and front pieces of the cushion, but that is the only trimming that will stand the rough wear and tear of the travelling necessarily enforced on soldiers and sailors. The shops in London are making the covers for drawing-room cushions of the thin silks that are now known as "Liberty" silks. They are of English manufacture, but resemble closely the thin Indian silks. These are used in a variety of pretty tints, and it is a tasteful fashion for the draped silk shade of the lamps in the room to match them.



THOSE who know cricket, and consequently appreciate it, were delighted at the opportunity of seeing the Lord Hawke's team play. The advent of good exponents of the old game in a comparatively new country where already a national game has been established, is always productive of good results in the way of giving a comparatively unknown game a "boom," if I may be permitted to use a vulgarism. Canadians have, to a great extent, caught the nervous contagion from our American cousins, who do everything in a hurry and bolt their meals during business hours in about the same manner as Pip did before he had any "great expectations." We don't seem able to understand a scientific game when that game takes a couple of days to play. We are looking for the nervous excitement that takes a couple of hours to appease in the shape of lacrosse, while our star and stripey neighbours take baseball to their bosoms for the same reason. In both instances cricket has the advantage, for it shows the staying powers of the Briton, and the best baseball pitcher in the country would have any amount of glass arms and Charley horses attached to him if he had to do the work during a whole day that falls to the lot of an average bowler. However, to put it briefly, the great majority do not understand cricket, and we have to depend mostly on importation for patrons of the

game and almost exclusively on importation for players of it. Philadelphia seems to be the only place on the Western continent where cricket is understood thoroughly. At least results go to show us this. I have seen Capt. Doft's team and an Australian eleven play in the City of Friends and when other clubs were playing twenty-two, Philadelphia would stand or fall with the old eleven. On these occasions, to use a metaphor, the whole town turned out and there was enough enthusiasm to give the players courage enough to stir them on to new efforts and play such a game as surprised the visitors.

For some reason or other Canada has been remarkably backward in comparison, when it should have been remarkably forward judging from the material that we ought to be able to draw from. To anybody who has watched the progress of the old English game, especially in the Eastern end of Canada, there is some ground for congratulation on the marked improvement, but still it is not anywhere like what it should be. The advent of Lord Hawke's team should be calculated on to give a decided impetus to the game and it is to be hoped it will. The visitors won with something like remarkable ease both in Toronto and Ottawa, and some writers on the daily papers lay a good deal of blame for native defeats on the lateness of the season and the coldness of the weather. This is hardly good reasoning, for the Englishmen might naturally be supposed to suffer more from incipient snow flurries and the like than the wholly or partially acclimatized Canadian cricketer. Nevertheless there has been a move in the right direction as far as cricket is concerned. There is one thing, however, that has been learned and that is that there are a few good cricketers in Canada and one man that will be heard from in the future is Bristowe, who did more than remarkably well. Harrod also did some splendid work with the leather, and made the record of taking six wickets for forty-five runs. When it is considered that the nine wickets went for 280, Harrod's analysis is something to be proud of. The technical points of the game show the Englishmen to be considerably ahead, but the following scores will tell the tale for the match at Ottawa:—

LORD HAWKE'S TEAM.

H. T. Jewett, b Bristowe	3
S. M. J. Woods, c Mackie, b Harrod	54
Lord Hawke, c Mackie, b Harrod	21
C. Wreford Brown, c Bell, b Harrod	38
J. W. J. Hornsby, c Browning, b Bristowe	19
C. W. Wright, c Little, b Harrod	14
G. W. Ricketts, not out	71
K. McAlpine, c Coste, b Harrod	0
Lord Throwley, c Little, b Hill	27
Hon. H. Milles, b Harrod	13
Extras	20
Total	280

EASTERN CANADA.

First Innings.

M. G. Bristowe, run out	35
J. F. Mackie, c Throwley, b Milles	7
O. H. Warden, b Woods	1
L. Coste, run out	0
B. T. A. Bell, b w, b McAlpine	11
A. Browning, b Wreford Brown	8
E. Turton, b McAlpine	2
C. J. Hill, b Wreford Brown	3
H. Ackland, run out	1
A. Z. Palmer, b Wreford Brown	15
C. G. Harrod, not out	8
Extras	15
Total	106

EASTERN CANADA.

Second Innings.

M. G. Bristowe, not out	47
J. F. Mackie, c Woods, b Hornsby	0
O. H. Warden, c Wright, b Hornsby	8
L. Coste, c Hewett, b Hornsby	0
B. T. A. Bell, b Hornsby	10
A. Browning, c Hewett, b Hornsby	0
H. Turton, run out	1
H. Ackland, c Hawke, b Woods	4
C. J. Hill, c Hawke, b Hornsby	1
B. Z. Palmer, c Ricketts, b Hawke	9
C. G. Harrod, run out	1
Extras	9
Total	90

Little retired ill after the first day's play, his place on the eleven being taken by Ackland.

BOWLING ANALYSIS.
LORD HAWKE'S ELEVEN.

	B.	R.	W.	M.
Turton	55	51	0	0
Bristowe	140	93	2	3
Harrod	100	45	6	4
Little	50	41	0	2
Hill	65	30	1	5

EASTERN CANADA.

First Innings.

	B.	R.	W.	M.
S. M. J. Woods	95	37	1	6
Hon. Mr. Milles	80	25	1	6
K. McAlpine	40	7	2	5
W. Brown	52	22	3	3

Second Innings.

	B.	R.	W.	M.
Woods	75	33	1	3
Hornsby	80	41	6	2
Hawke	8	7	1	0

In the match with the Western Ontario men the Englishmen were even more fortunate, having an innings to spare, as the following score will show:—

ENGLISH TEAM.

C. W. Wright, b Hall	12
J. H. J. Hornsby, b Boyd	38
Lord Hawke, b Goldingham	35
S. M. J. Woods, b w, Hall	25
C. Wreford Brown, c Jones, b Hall	18
H. A. Hewett, b Hall	0
G. W. Ricketts, c Dickey, b Hall	0
Lord Throwley, b Hall	27
Hon. H. Milles, not out	0
K. McAlpine, c Boyd, b Dickey	25
Leg byes	3
No ball	1
Total	184

WESTERN ONTARIO.

First Innings.

M. Boyd, b Woods	26
J. Bowbank, b Woods	3
Rev. T. W. Terry, b Woods	13
J. M. Long, b Woods	5
W. J. Fleury, b Milles	3
P. C. Goldingham, not out	9
E. Hall, b Woods	0
W. W. Jones, b Woods	10
Dr. Stevenson, c McAlpine, b Woods	4
F. S. Dickey, c Hornsby, b Milles	1
A. H. Collins, b Woods	6
Byes	2
Total	82

WESTERN ONTARIO.

Second Innings.

Bowbanks, c Ricketts, b Brown	2
Boyd, stpd Wright, b Woods	12
Rev. T. W. Terry, b Brown	2
Goldingham, b Woods	7
Laing, b Woods	10
Fleury, c and b Woods	0
Jones, b Woods	0
Hall, c McAlpine, b Brown	0
Collins, not out	7
Dickey, run out	0
Extras	8
Total	48

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

ENGLISH GENTLEMEN.

	B.	R.	W.	M.
Dickey	77	34	1	4
Hall	130	70	6	3
Stevenson	25	17	0	1
Boyd	45	31	1	1
Goldingham	60	29	1	3

WESTERN ONTARIO.

First Innings.

	B.	R.	W.	M.
Woods	92	45	8	5
Hornsby	35	11	0	1
Milles	55	24	2	2

WESTERN ONTARIO.

Second Innings.

	B.	R.	W.	M.
Woods	75	23	5	6
Wreford Brown	65	15	3	7
McAlpine	5	2	0	0

As I predicted last week, the lacrosse season came to anything but a brilliant ending. There is no use trying to disguise the fact. Lacrosse players are no better than the rest of humanity. Their well advertised talk about championships and other things rolled glibly from the tongue and may be harmonious to the ear, but the whole thing concentrated into two words is simply "Gate money." My opinion, of course, is only personal, and last week I attempted to point out the absurdity of the Montreal and Cornwall clubs meeting. The absurdity has come to pass, and like many another absurdity it has carried its lesson with it. Montreal was beaten thoroughly and well, and a great many of the club's best friends are glad of it, not for the reason that they were beaten, but because they have a distinct objection to any three or four playing members of the team running counter to the wiser judgement of a majority.

Cornwall has won what everybody who knows anything about lacrosse will call an alleged championship. The strange part of the whole proceeding was that nobody who knows anything about lacrosse could recognize the Factory Town club as champions. When the N.A.L.A. pennant began to be looked on as simply a ragged reminiscence of the past, the five best clubs in the country made a little league of their own and appropriated unto themselves a championship. When it seemed fitting that this house of lacrosse clay should split, there was an opportunity laying around loose for a Philadelphia lawyer to decide just where any championship belonged. Friendly negotiations did not seem to count for much when the negotiations ultimately ended in the most unfriendly behaviour, and Cornwall had no more right to claim the title of champions than the Montrealers had of challenging them for it. The real championship of the N.A.L.A. which is recognized in Eastern Canada is to-day held by the Shamrock Lacrosse club, and only the Capitals, of Ottawa, have had nerve enough this season to challenge for it. As far as a championship goes the question is not technically settled, but is settled morally, and the Cornwalls have won it by a method of procedure very similar to that used when they pretended to play for 13 medals, but were in reality playing for half the gate. This may be amateurism, as amateurism goes these days, but to an unprejudiced outsider, it seems to be the most dishonest kind of professionalism. Everybody with any kind of admiration for the Montreal club will feel sincerely sorry that they have committed themselves to be led into a little traplet where they had everything to lose, as far as reputation went, and a dubious half gate to gain. The conduct of the Cornwalls in refusing to allow W. C. Hodgson, of the Montreal club, to play was in keeping with the tactics pursued at the recent Shamrock-Cornwall match. Through the season on account of the generosity of the opposing clubs, Cornwall was tacitly permitted to violate the rules; but when it came to a question of a close call they were the strictest interpreters of them. It was just what might have been expected from Cornwall. The Shamrocks learnt a lesson a few weeks ago, the Montrealers have learnt theirs now. They will know better next year.

The Council of the N.A.L.A. seem inclined to work a little faster than their predecessors, and they ought to be congratulated on the circumstance. The Orient Lacrosse club attempted to make some frivolous trouble and were nearly successful. They tried to play the same old game that the Torontos did in the first year of scheduled matches. The result was the same with the exception that this time the N.A.L.A. Council settled the matter with promptness, neatness and despatch. They awarded the championship where it belonged, as far as the district is concerned, viz, to the St. Gabriels, while the intermediate championship was handed over to the Crescents. Good decisions, both.

Our Biographical Column.

[Many Canadian papers furnish their readers every week with portraits and biographical sketches of more or less distinguished citizens of the United States. Not to be behind in so patriotic a particular, the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED has acquired the exclusive right to publish a series which, it is hoped, will be found both interesting and instructive.]

The Hon. Selfmade Snorter.

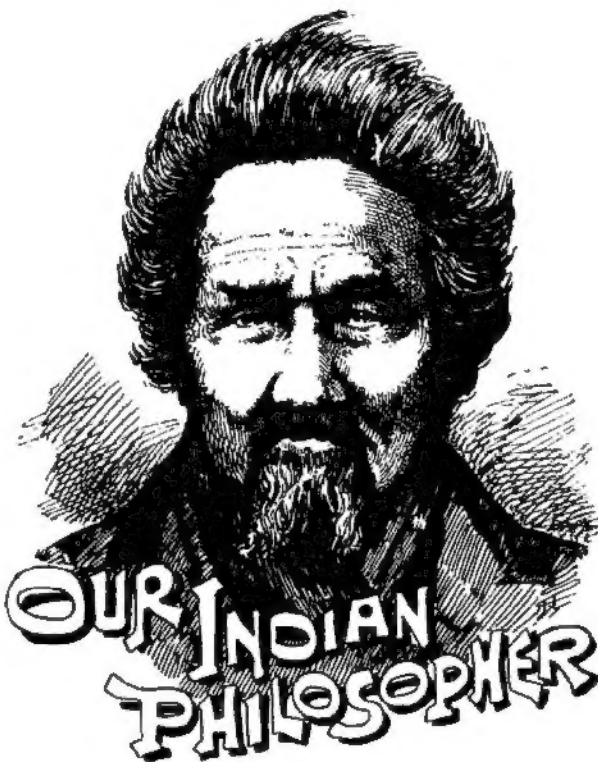
The Hon. Selfmade Snorter, who sends us a check and his photograph this week, is unquestionably one of the foremost men of his time. What he is he owes to his own genius and unflagging energy. He is one of those men who, instead of being the victims of, are victors over circumstance, and by virtue of their own unaided powers bend even untoward influences to their will and service. It is a pleasure as well as a privilege to proclaim the worth and merits of such a man. The type is all too rare, alas! That is well for the fortunate few, perhaps; but what the world loses through its inability to produce more such men is beyond all estimate. The Hon. Selfmade Snorter is the leading spirit in the flourishing town of Ranchefield, Oklahoma, and was one of the first to proclaim its charms and advantages to the world. He was the first man to squat on that reservation. He is now mayor of Ranchefield and high sheriff of the



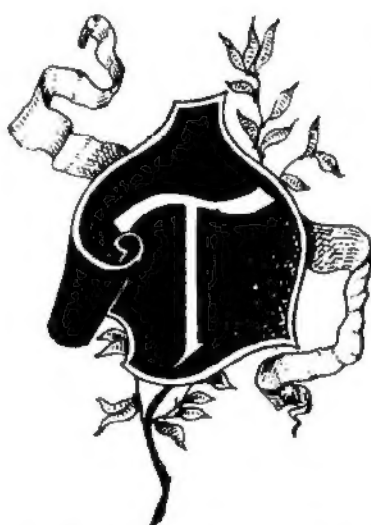
county, as well as town clerk, constable and tax-collector, postmaster, pound keeper and bill sticker. In the discharge of his various and onerous public duties he has displayed rare ability and an earnest desire for the welfare of the other citizen of the place, who fills the remainder of the offices in the gift of the people, who are the Hon. Mr. Snorter and himself. Ranchefield is proud of them both, but especially of the Hon. Mr. Snorter. He will unquestionably appear in congress ere many years have flown, and we predict for him a career of unexampled distinction and success. His biography and portrait appear at present in this paper only, as he has not yet been discovered by the New York Pictorial Press Association, which furnishes Canadian papers with matter of this kind. But, mark our words, they will discover him very soon. Keep your eye on the papers and you will not lose sight for very long of the Hon. Selfmade Snorter.

Enlarged His Plant.

"What sort of a newspaper plant have you got out here?" asked the Eastern man of the wild Western editor. "I have been using a Colt's 44," replied the editor modestly, "but considering the difficulties arising out of the late campaign I have about concluded to get a Winchester."—*Colorado Sun*.



The Sagamore



THE reporter unfolded a manuscript and spread it on his knees as soon as he had got fairly seated beside the old man's campfire.

"My brother," he said, "It has been suggested to me that I ought to write something funny. It has been intimated to me that there is not enough snap and things in my style; That people don't care a cent for such stuff as I am in the habit of writing.

People want something they can laugh at something that is real funny, you know nothing heavy about it—nothing strained or far-fetched connected with it. In short, what these kind friends of mine want is something funny. They have been kind enough to provide me with several models, and I have written what I consider is a side splitter. If this doesn't please them and bring me fame I may as well give up."

"Read it over," said the sagamore, as his visitor paused and began to finger the manuscript. The latter needed no second bidding. And this is what he read:

MR. BLINKER'S WOES.

Mr. Blinker got up on his hind legs and howled.

Mrs. Blinker looked up mildly from her pillow and inquired, "What's the matter, dear?" (Mr. Blinker was endeavouring to encase his feet in a pair of stockings).

"The matter!" roared Mr. Blinker, holding up a stocking. "See that hole in the heel? Of course that ain't anything. That's a source of unmitigated felicity—that is. All a man wants in cold weather is a big hole in his socks and a woman to whine out 'What's the matter, dear?' to make him think he's got over the divide and entered Paradise. Of course it is." And Mr. Blinker glowered upon Mrs. Blinker with a decidedly savage expression.

"Well, dear, if you didn't persist in wearing your stockings for three weeks at a time without changing them I might be able to keep them whole for you."

"Oh yes!" cried Mr. Blinker. "Of course it's my fault. It always is. Of course I ought to put on a fresh pair of socks every morning and catch my death of cold. That's what you want me to do. Of course it is. Then you could set your cap for some other idiot."

"Thanks," said Mrs. Blinker, composedly, "one is quite enough."

"One what? One idiot? Call me an idiot, do you? Just what I might have expected. So I'm an idiot, am I? Not satisfied with seeing me go about with my bare feet exposed to the elements you have the effrontery to lie there and call me an idiot. All right, Mrs. Blinker. If I jump over the wharf to-day you'll know whose fault it was. But I might have known it. Women are all alike. I suppose I'll have to get my own breakfast this morning. That's right. You lie there and sleep. I ain't anybody. I'm only a poor idiot. But you'll see, Mrs. Blinker—you'll see."

With which gloomy prediction Mr. Blinker climbed into his slippers and wearing a wild expression and a striped dressing gown rushed madly out of the room and down stairs.

The reporter paused and laid down the manuscript.

"Go on," said Mr. Paul. "Read the rest."

"The rest? There isn't any more. That's the whole story. Why don't you laugh?"

"Ain't any more?"

"No."

"You see any fun in that?"

"Fun! Why it's just chock full of fun. I'll bet a dollar those kind friends of mine will laugh over that till the tears come."

"S'pose you show me one of them jokes," suggested the sagamore.

"Jokes? Why just think of that conversation about the stockings. Didn't that tickle you. Imagine a man wearing a pair of stockings for three weeks! Why that's funny enough to raise a blister, let alone a laugh. And then what a fury Mr. Blinker worked himself into. Wasn't that ludicrous? And see how he went out—wearing a wild expression and a striped dressing gown. A joke like that is worth two dollars and fifty cents every time. Jokes! Why, my dear sir, that little story is packed full of them."

The sagamore crossed the wigwam and examined the reporter's cranium.

"I found one thing you spoke about in that story," he observed after a careful inspection.

"What's that?" eagerly demanded the delighted scribe.

"The idiot," was the sagamore's calm reply.

Woman Coming to the Front in England.

The same will be found true of the working women. Not very long ago I was one of the speakers at a meeting in Prince's Hall, in Piccadilly, which was presided over by Lord Dunraven, who is well known in the United States. It was a meeting called for the purpose of trying to bring about some better conditions of labor for the poor working women in the East End of London. Many men made good speeches,—peers and members of the House of Commons, and clergymen—there was even a bishop there—and Dissenting and Nonconformist ministers, who are usually endowed with a special gift of eloquence, which goes home to the heart of a popular audience. But the speech which interested me most was made by a working woman. It was not merely because she understood the practical question better than we did; it was not because, like the waitress whom Disraeli describes in his "Coningsby," through the mouth of his Sidonia, she was "mistress of her subject." Her expert knowledge, of course, counted for a great deal. But beyond this there was to my mind a remarkable capacity in her for taking at once a broad and a practical view of any subject; for recognising the inevitable necessity of compromise; for accepting the conditions under which reform of any kind has to be made; for admitting limitations. Besides all this, there was a certain composure about her; a certain dignity of manner. She was neither obtrusive nor diffident. She seemed to say in effect: "You must take me as I am; I don't pretend to be a lady, in the conventional sense of the word, and I don't pretend to be a good speaker, but I have something to say and I want to say it. I am not anxious to make a speech, but I have something to say to you which ought to be said." Now, I think that woman personified fairly the best aspect of the woman's movement in England. I think woman is coming forward because she has something to say which she feels ought to be said. This is the strictly legitimate influence of woman. It is not the influence of the petticoat. It is the intelligence of woman coming to the help of the intelligence of man. I am utterly unable to see how this comradeship in the management of affairs can either lower the dignity of man or unsex the nature of woman. I may say at once that I am an utter disbeliever in the possibility of unsexing woman, or man either. I am very fond of reading Ovid's "Metamorphoses"; but I disbelieve some of the stories.—From "Women in English Politics," by Justin McCarthy, in *North American Review* for November.

An Irish juryman, finding his brother jurors all disagree with him, exclaimed in a passion, "Well, I niver met eleven more obstinate men in me loife!"